

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE Retail Merchants' Association and the peddlers have both put their claims before the City Council. A question which apparently has not yet been asked, is, why should there be any peddlers in a city like Toronto? Nearly every street corner has its grocery store and butcher shop, and those who pay taxes have a right to feel themselves safe from the competition of those who pay no taxes, but whose vociferous cries make it almost absolutely necessary for people to buy something in order to make these itinerant traders pass on. Why in a city like Toronto should men go about disturbing the sick and well alike by cries of "F-r-e-s-h fish, l-a-k-e fish, s-a-l-m-o-n trout and w-i-g-h-t fish?" Nobody needs to be told, as these peddlers tell us all in the early morning, of the merits of "s-t-r-a-w-berries ripe, ripe strawberries. F-i-v-e cents a basket, t-w-e-n-t-y-one baskets for one dollar." At the grocery stores these goods can be bought at the same price and at an hour when the sleep of nobody will be disturbed. We all know that the grocery stores have to pay taxes enough to entitle them to the trade of their district; the fish and butcher stores also have to pay enough taxes to award them a reasonable circuit in which to do business. The peddlers who come into town and sell vegetables and eggs and butter and that sort of thing, may provide the citizens with more desirable articles than are furnished by local dealers, but they should be prohibited from crying their wares and made pay a sum proportionate to the business they do. It is impossible to prohibit the vendors of milk and vegetables from going from door to door, but it is possible to make them pay for the privilege. No one who is alive to the necessities of the householders can truthfully state that these people do not cut down prices. While such is the case, and bearing in mind the perpetuation of such itinerant business, it is perfectly proper for the City Council to charge such fees as will make these people live on a level with those who pay rentals, taxes and insurance. Surely the citizen is not to be put at a disadvantage as compared with the outsider. No more is the outsider to be prohibited in order to give the citizen a right to charge improper prices and use the consumer as if he were his private property. The adjustment of this sort of thing is not difficult. The fixing of a license should be made with the taxes of a local dealer as a basis. When men are taxed alike they are made equal competitors; success will go to the one who is most energetic in his business.

Permission, however, to call out "F-r-e-s-h fish," "R-a-g-e and bottles," "S-t-r-a-w-berries ripe," and all that sort of thing, should be denied everybody. No one can tell who is sick or inclined by misfortune or occupation to spend the morning in sleep instead of listening to these shrieks. The people of the city have a right to peace and quietness. The tacit contract which is made between the peaceable citizen and the city is that one shall not disturb the other and shall not permit intruders to disturb. When this contract is broken the citizen has a perfect right to shoot off his mouth, or his rifle, or his revolver, or anything he has which can disturb others. If the city does not keep its contract with regard to preserving the peace, who can be expected to display an atom of interest in maintaining the quietude of a city?

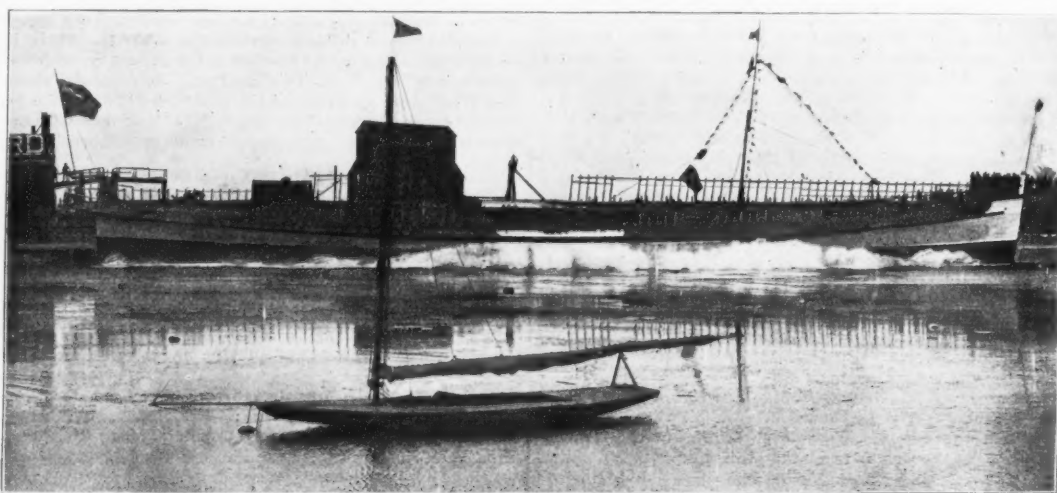
The hand-organs and pianos which go about are not intended to educate and are not liable to promote the happiness of anybody. The people engineering them should be suppressed. With so many musical institutions and teachers our citizens have passed the stage of hand-organs. They are simply begging institutions and the brown-faced women with gaudy head-dress are nothing but beggars. It is difficult to refuse these people a pittance, even when their performance is unpleasant to the ear and the ringing of the door-bell is an annoyance. Why really poor people are forbidden to beg while these professionals make a business of what is nothing better than begging, is a conundrum. It is quite possible to be merciful without inflicting upon all people alike the disadvantages of mixed music and charity. The hand-organ, the mechanical piano, the discordant bands and the players of musical instruments should have no license, no matter at what price they offer to purchase an opportunity of disturbing home life. In the business streets these people are an absolute nuisance. Their takings, however, are larger than those of many of the small merchants who pay taxes, insurance and rentals. It is a poorly disguised means of extortion, and the Council, whose attention has been invited to this question, should deal with it in the most summary manner. Our Italian and foreign residents have always been made welcome and have been given a share in public works and been left undisturbed in proper and profitable enterprises; this does not make it necessary for us to be tortured by women with babies, and old and decrepit persons, who shelter themselves and their solicitations under the ear-splitting notes of a piano or the dronings of an organ. If these people must be provided for out of the public funds, let them be looked after in a public institution and not be permitted to make themselves a nuisance. We have had enough of this sort of thing, and if the Council cannot find courage to make the laws necessary for the suppression of leather-lunged nuisances, disguised beggars and the vendors of decayed fruit, let them submit a by-law to be voted upon. This by-law should be prepared now and be made so explicit in its terms that in the six months subsequent to its first publication the public will know what it means. It is a great sign of municipal weakness when aldermen can be bullied by a few peddlers, but if the weakness exists let it be met in a proper manner and prayers be offered up that a larger variety of men will in future occupy the aldermanic seats.

AT this time of the year people are naturally discussing where they will go. The more extended my experience becomes by reason of travel undertaken for business purposes, the more I am convinced that there is no place to go like Toronto. It is hard to convince people to stay here, though staying at home may mean the avoidance of a vast amount of discomfort and the saving of a great deal of money. Toronto is really the best watering-place on the continent. Those who remain at home and take daily or weekly excursions on the steamers which ply from wharves made available by street cars, will have much the best of it, but a silly fashion has made it imperative upon those who have so much or little social status that their neighbors control their movements, that home-staying is considered a sign of bad business on the part of the wage-earner or execrable taste on the part of the mother. It cannot be denied that nearly all of the cheaper summer resorts are hotter, more uncomfortable, and very much more expensive than the homes which people desert in order to figure as guests at some sand-bank where both food and lodging are worse than they had at home. The elevation attainable by those who go from Toronto to Muskoka and the smaller lakes, as I said before, are vastly out of proportion to the altitudes, and the experience of those who go away is frequently that of the man who was sent by his doctor to Florida for a change and a rest. When he got back he said his landlord got the change and the waiters got the rest. This is very much the experience of Toronto people who go and eat pork and beans at a most disturbing price, where the sanitation and accommodation are very much inferior to what they possess in this fairly well regulated city. We are on the lake shore; we can do all the things that are done by the people in Muskoka if we care to attempt them; we can fish without catching anything just the same as they do; we can camp without any comforts; we can pay two prices for our grub and bake ourselves in the sun and be bitten by mosquitoes, and practically have a dickens of a time

simply by going out and doing as we would do if we were camping. Our ferry boats and steamers and boat-landers would do a splendid business if we would stay at home, and if we made a practice of staying at home and clamoring for visitors instead of going visiting ourselves we would make a great deal of money in the summer which now we spend in most unprofitable and, in the majority of cases, unhealthful attempts to change the venue.

There is no doubt that a change is absolutely necessary once in a while. Let people sit down and figure this out, close up their shutters in the summer, and take inexpensive excursions and pleasuring such as Toronto affords, and once in two or three years go to the seaside in Prince Edward Island or in Cape Breton. When people take a change let them have a change; let them organize themselves to go to those salt watering-places where there is something in being away from home. Let them save their pennies till they are pounds and have a time when they are at it. Board and lodging can be had far more cheaply on the sea coast of the Maritime Provinces than they can be had in Muskoka. The people can have fish, and salt water, and salt air, and excellent board for less money than they can in any sort of change near by. Our lake-side resorts are good for people who come from the United States and distant places, but are little good for people who live in Toronto, as, compared with the same exercise, and the same sports, and the same deprivations from home comforts, they can discover a counterpart in their own door-yards.

I am not depreciating Muskoka and the little lakes except for Toronto people. All these places are excellent for people who come from afar and find the change, but they are practically worthless—except for the outdoor exercise they offer people—for those who could have the same thing at home at a much greater advantage to the city in which they pay their taxes. Let the people of Toronto have a money-making season all the year round, and the adjacent watering-places can very well be left to take care of themselves. We have charming places, but as a change of climate from Toronto they are not worth a cent. If



THE LAUNCHING OF THE STEAMER TORONTO.

The New Steamer Toronto, of the R. & O. Line, at the Bertram Ship Yards, Toronto, Tuesday, June 21, 1898, showing the boat at the moment of being launched by the broadside method. The boat is 255 feet long, and will run between Toronto and Prescott.

people are determined to evade the comforts of home and the benefits of a bath-tub, let them go somewhere where there are compensating advantages. Sense should be used in the selection of places, even though apparent economy selects a district that is contiguous. Such is very often the poorest judgment in the end. If we want a change of air let us have a radical change of air; let the boats which ply to seaside resorts have the benefit, not local railroads which tyrannize over the people and have become as arbitrary in their dealings as if they owned the whole country. If we want a change, let the change go to people who do not assume to be our masters, and if there is a rest, let it be to the cottage-owners where we get salt air and a real benefit from an expensive summering. It is quite proper for us to boom local points as places for outsiders, but as places for Torontonians they are ridiculous. These near-by places are thoroughly unsanitary for Torontonians; we might better stay at home. And if Torontonians stay at home and save their money for two or three years, one real good break into sea air and surf bathing and the splendors of a summer amidst the vapors of salt water will compensate them for being slightly unfashionable for a little while. Take the boats, go to the Island, ride on the cars, go to the parks, do as you would do when away, spend half the money, endure half the discomforts, and you will have an ideal summering.

A FEW weeks ago I had something on this page with regard to tree-planting and boulevards, in which I said that the man who had originated the plan of ornamenting the city should have a monument erected to commemorate his good deeds. A prominent business man called on me some time ago to say that he thought George Brown was the man who started the tree-planting idea in Toronto. If that is the case he already has a monument, and so many other claims to greatness that no eulogy is necessary. The older men of Toronto remember when George Brown was a great power in the city and one of the greatest powers in the country. If his influence in planting trees was less than that of some other man, I should like to hear the claims of his rivals set forth by those who remember when the thing which has made Toronto so beautiful was begun.

The same gentleman told me that Ald. Houstead had much to do with the planning of boulevards and the arranging of another feature which has made Toronto one of the most beautiful cities on the continent. If this be correct, we have done Ald. Houstead too little honor. Frequently we wait till a man dies before we say the pretty things that we think; certainly whoever gave us the first idea of beautifying the city deserves more than newspaper mention. Ald. Hallam has done a great deal in his peculiar way, and Park Commissioner Chambers should not be forgotten when we speak with enthusiasm to visitors of the beauties of our parks and gardens. One quiet and unobtrusive man has contributed a very large percentage to the pride which Torontonians take in their city; Street Commissioner Jones may occasionally be seen driving his sleek and well fed horse while in the pursuance of his duty, but nobody says less or seems less mindful of either praise or criticism. His work is marvelously well done, and he seems to have the faculty of being everywhere at once. Why should we be forgetful of these men or, because they are servants of the city, be less mindful of them than of people whose actions are continually being criticized? That a man does his work so well that no one is hunting for his scalp should not be a reason that the mouthpieces of public opinion should forget occasionally to say that we are proud of

these men and believe that they are doing what few men on this continent are doing.

I wonder that nobody has agitated for shutting up the Horticultural Gardens on Sunday. Without any doubt it is Toronto's "Polly Paradox." No part of the city is more patronized than the Horticultural Gardens by the servant girls and apprentices. On Sunday more than on any other day do the nurse girls go there, and the fact that there is pleasure being derived from it should have long ago set the agitators at work to shut it up. On Sunday it is wonderful to see how much loitering is done by the girls and young fellows on the grass-plots and by the flower-beds of the Gardens. It seems to be the meeting-place for hundreds of them. Sabbatarians should attend to this.

AM continually receiving so many letters from young men who are graduating from colleges in arts, medicine, law and engineering, with regard to the prospects they might have in Latin-American countries, that it is necessary to put in print something that I can send to them setting forth the conditions they would be forced to accept in the countries referred to. In Mexico, Central and South America, the land is nearly all held by a few people. The owners of the estates nearly always manage to make a good living and are able to educate their sons, and, in the majority of instances, send them abroad to complete a course of some sort. Very frequently the "course" is a pretty rapid one, and its completion might very well have been left unattended to. The young bloods consider themselves the aristocracy of the New World, and take the pace accordingly. Their parents are much disappointed if they do not graduate in law, medicine or engineering, and for the natives "graduation" is rather an easy thing. The result is a great crop of young professional men, the great majority of whom are unskilled and unworthy of confidence. They go into politics and are too often the real disturbers of the peace of the Latin-American republics. Their influence, however, is great, and the native practitioners, combining with the dentists, doctors and lawyers of Anglo-Saxon origin who are already established in those countries, have made laws likely to prevent the settlement there of new-comers

contracts as make it possible for a man to choose as he would choose at home. Life after marriage is not what we esteem matrimonial bliss. The women as a rule, unless of good family, can barely read and write, and have no intellectual capacity with which to beguile the idle hours of a husband. In the best families the accomplishments are few outside of music and dancing, a little French and a great deal of catechism.

Even if a man is commercially successful he cannot buy with money what he abandons at home and which came to him without cost. The pleasant contacts, the environments which are ours even if we starve, the pleasures which can be had without cost, are nearly all absent. Foreigners usually live in little colonies by themselves, and these colonies are almost invariably torn to pieces with jealousies, scandals and uncharitableness. English-speaking colonies in big cities are as hard to live in as the most back-biting country villages at home.

Then if a man succeeds what does he get but access to a club, where a few men play billiards, and read antique magazines, and talk about their last visit "home," and "enjoy" strained family relations in a foreign country where the cooking and accommodation are not better than those enjoyed by clerks at twelve or fifteen dollars a week in Toronto? A band of native servants must be employed, none of whom know how to cook or make a bed, or have any Saxon tendency towards absolute cleanliness. He can keep horses and a carriage, but the sun is either too hot to make driving agreeable, or darkness settles down without twilight, or else with malaria, which drives one indoors. Traveling is disagreeable and unattractive, because there is no place to go except it be in the nature of a voyage "home." For a great many years at least a man, even if successful, is without neighbors, real friends or appreciative companions. The laws are such and the revolutions so numerous that the man who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow; and the politician who is successful this month may be in prison or stood up to be shot next month. Personally I am attracted to the Latin-American people, but I made their acquaintance while I was very young and my contacts have been of a very pleasant nature, and my life amongst them has not been forced nor the periods of it so protracted that I was liable to either become tired of them or become obnoxious to them. While speaking thus candidly to Canadians who are talking of exploiting these countries, I do not wish to be thought to speak slightly of people whom it takes almost a lifetime to know, and whose habits and methods of thought and conduct are so different from ours. A Latin-American would be as unhappy in Toronto, with its changing climate and cold winter and the suspicion with which he would be met by everybody who has either a declared or innate suspicion of foreigners, as the young man from Canada would be unhappy in Rio de Janeiro, Santiago, Lima, Guatemala or Mexico. Those who go to these countries should understand these facts, and prepare to make the best of their surroundings by settling down and forgetting that there is any hope of release from the conditions they have imposed upon themselves.

F EARS are being expressed by some of the British journals that an Anglo-Saxon alliance will be made impossible by the adding to the United States the territory of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, etc. These short-sighted newspapers forget that the United States constitution forbids any interstate tariff, and if these countries come into United States federal union their goods will have to come into all ports free. This will rob the United States of a very great revenue on tobacco, sugar, and other products, and will be really the first step towards free trade. Mechanical appliances are so perfect in the United States that the production of textiles and metal goods, saving the high wages, can be had at a smaller cost than in Europe. With the sickening dose that that country has given to its export trade, a great struggle will have to be begun to get a place in the markets of the world, and the British newspapers may as well recognize the fact that Yankeeedom is either nearer free trade now than she ever was, or on the verge of proving protection an impossibility. Furthermore, we must remember that with free trade New York would become the clearing-house of this continent, both north and south, to an extent that has perhaps never been calculated by British and German merchants. If by having colonies the United States has to break down her high tariff in many respects, we may expect to see the balance of the tariff go very soon afterwards. Anglo-Saxon unity is a sweet phrase, but there are many who fear that England has not commercially seen the full importance of the contract which she seems to be so eager to enter into. If Anglo-Saxon unity is as much appreciated by the two great nations who are now squeezing hands and looking sweetly at one another, five years hence, it will be a marvel to those who comprehend how the trade channels and the volume of the world's business will be changed by the two great Anglo-Saxon countries acting together instead of as rivals. No one can make a prediction as to who will be the winner, but anyone who takes pains to examine the conditions will at once see that the United States, if it imitates Great Britain's trade policy, will entirely change the commercial landscape.

It perhaps does not follow that Great Britain will be the loser, but she will have to regard the warnings which her consuls and ministers are sending her from all over the world if she holds her own. A recent article in the London Daily Mail is but an echo of the cry which is being heard in the British Foreign Office from all over the world: "England, with far greater advantages than other nations, is often beaten by lack of energy," says one consul, and those who know how the consuls work, at least how many of them do not work, can appreciate the force of this statement. "There are, it seems—to take one example from many—'tastes and idiosyncrasies' even in codfish and haddock," says the consul in Greece. "British-cured haddock and cod go in large quantities, in barrels, from Liverpool to Greece. But the French fish-curers send from Marseilles codfish which 'has a fresher appearance and is more palatable' to Greek appetites, though 'it does not keep so well as the British cod and haddock,' that is to say, less expense is incurred in the curing, and consequently it can be sold to the Greeks cheaper, and as it has to be disposed of as soon as it arrives because it will not keep it finds a readier market. Consequently France is lately showing keen competition with Great Britain in the salt fish trade." This is true all over the world, and as Canada has the greatest fisheries it is something that we should learn. It was lately recommended that Canada should have a fish commissioner who should go all over the civilized portion of the globe and keep her fish merchants in touch with the conditions which are making it possible for nations without any fish, and almost without any waters in which they could have fish or ships, to beat us in the fish trade. Canada's fish business is worth twenty millions a year to her, yet she treats it as if it were a trifle. By properly exploiting the fish markets of the globe our fish business should be forty million dollars a year, but when these things are reported to the Government there is liable to be little done but a superficial discussion as to how the Opposition would regard the appointing of a man to look after this section of a country's business. In successful departmental stores and in railways and in large concerns, each department has travelers who drum up business and size up the work of opponents. Canada should do this, so should Great Britain; but unfortunately both countries are in a rut and are satisfied with what they are doing. That Germany and France, without any fisheries,

are beating them all over the world should be notice enough that something is being left undone in London and Ottawa.

NOW that the third session of the eighth Parliament of Canada is over and politics are not disturbing anybody, it might be well for us as Canadians to consider a constitutional question which is much larger than the necessities of an administration or the feeling of irritation which is raised by a party reversal.

When the Canadian Senate was instituted the various provinces which came into Confederation were each afraid of the other, the fear being greatest in the smallest provinces, though Quebec, speaking a different language and having less sympathy, or at least feeling that it possessed less of the sympathy of other provinces, was most anxious for a second chamber. Now we know that mutual self-interest unites the provinces of Canada much more than any constitutional arrangement could possibly unite them. Moreover, we know that when the Senate is in sympathy with the Administration it is simply a registration office for the decrees of the Lower House. We are learning that when the Senate is not in sympathy with the Administration all its energies are bent towards defeating the will of the people as expressed by the majority in the House of Commons. There is one other thing which should always be borne in mind, and that is that without the Senate there would be fewer crudities in the legislation of the popular body. Partisans vote blindly for party reasons in the House of Commons, believing that an unfriendly Senate will set aside the acts which they are putting through. If there were no so-called safeguard in the Senate, votes would be much more carefully recorded and the additional responsibility would result in forcing Members of Parliament to give their ultimate and not their passing judgment when voting yea or nay.

When the Senate vetoed the Yukon Railway Bill they were within their constituted rights and found much sympathy even in the Liberal party. It must be remembered, however, that a senate cannot be maintained whose record is the doing of a good thing once in a lifetime while maintaining a record of doing imprudent, improper, and attempting unconstitutional things once a week.

When the Senate interfered with the Franchise Bill it attempted something which was so flagrantly a breach of the proprieties, both political and constitutional, that it put itself on record as an aggregation of superannuated and violent partisans.



SCENE NEAR PARRY SOUND.

Among the Thirty-five Thousand Islands of the North Shore of the Georgian Bay.

It was not elected by the people; it has not the confidence of the people. If it had the power of voting money or regulating the expense of the country it would be put out of existence inside of six months, and the senators may as well understand that the one act of ordinary intelligence of which they have been guilty within a period of time anterior to which the memory of man runneth not, will not excuse them for the attempt they made to interfere with the franchise of the people of Canada. It is their good fortune that they are not elected, because if they were to offer themselves for election, at least eighty per cent. of them would be defeated, and no one would be surprised if ninety-five per cent. of them were left at home if opposed even by law students or young politicians. The daring and malicious attempt that the Senate made to dictate to the House of Commons the lines upon which the Franchise Bill was to be framed, is almost unparalleled in its audacity and foolishness. Why should a body composed of men who in the great majority of cases were rejected by constituencies, conspire to interfere with the voting powers which have to do with the creation of the House of Commons? Do they for a moment imagine that Canada is so degenerate that the people are unable to choose representatives of sufficient probity and common sense to take charge of those matters in which the Senate has no more right to interfere than a foreign power? To put it briefly, if a man has a right to occupy a seat at a board meeting, but has no right to vote money or to interfere in the commercial affairs of a company, would he not be esteemed an intruder and a most impertinent person if he insisted on dictating the by-laws to govern the election of the active directors of the business? This is exactly what the Senate insisted on doing until Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick boldly and with great wisdom drew the line and refused to tolerate for a moment the interference of the Senate in the matter of the franchise.

It is said that in order to save time the Government agreed to press the provincial governments to make such arrangements for appeal as the Senate argued were necessary. Is this a protection of the provinces or a coercing of them? If the Senate has a mission—which is doubtful—it is to protect the provinces in their rights. The attitude of the Senate at the present moment is the forcing of federalism upon the fractions of Confederation. Viewed in this light, it seems to me impossible that anyone can retain a vestige of respect for the Senate or any belief in the wisdom of its maintenance. It is expensive, partisan, and tyrannical. Nothing will improve the House of Commons more than the abolition of the Senate, inasmuch as the responsibility which rightfully rests upon Members of Parliament will be more fully appreciated if a second, uncertain and violently prejudiced body does not have to review the work of the Lower House. Of one thing the Senate and those who contend for its perpetuation may be sure, the Canadian people will not tolerate the rule of an appointed body which for a moment imagines that it has a right to interfere in any manner with constituting the electoral chamber. Certainly what Sir Mackenzie Bowell gained in the opening of the session by rejecting the Yukon Bill, which from the country's standpoint might have proved to be an exceedingly good measure, he has lost by the blind and fatuous attempts to prove himself a dictator in the matter of the Franchise Bill. It ended in defeat, in what is claimed was an arrangement to insist upon certain provinces amending their laws; and those who once held that the Senate was a safeguard against attacks upon provincial rights, now find that this antique and expensive body is the most dangerous conspirator against provincial autonomy.

Miss Mary Ross is the guest of Mrs. George of 36 Maple avenue, Rosedale. Miss Ross is the daughter of the former Receiver-General, and her many friends will be pleased to see her again in Toronto.

Miss Maude Godson is visiting friends in Mitchell. Mrs. and Miss Ethel Godson were guests at the garden party at Benvenuto on Tuesday. Miss Ethel looking sweet in a white frock and pale blue hat touched with white.



VIEW OF MAIN STREET, PENETANGUISHENE.

Looking up from the G. T. R. Station.

Social and Personal.

A VERY charming group composed the bridal party at St. George's church on Tuesday noon, when Canon Cayley performed the wedding ceremony between Mr. Richard Leicester Crampton of Chicago and Miss Gertrude Thomas, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas of 4 Grange road. Dr. Crampton, brother of the groom, was best man, Miss Maud Cayley was maid of honor, and Miss Marion Barker and Miss Allie Lough were bridesmaids. The chancel was decorated with flowers and palms, huge peonies being artistically used and the effect in the beautiful old church being exceedingly fine. Miss Thomas' bridal robe was from Stitt and one of the most exquisite and delicately ethereal worn this bridal season. Over a robe of white tulle was a beautiful veiling of embroidered gauze and deep Irish lace, as the fine open embroidery is called. The veil was fastened with orange blossoms, and the bride was a perfect picture in her exquisite gown, as, preceded by her maids and carrying a bouquet of white roses and trailing sprays of white sweet peas and delicate ferns, she was led by her father to the altar. The maids carried out in their frocks the idea of a sweet pea wedding, the maid of honor wearing pale pink veiled with white, Miss Barker wearing mauve, and Miss Lough green, also veiled with white. The *chapeaux* were of white chip, the maid of honor's being touched with pink, and with white plumes, and the two fair bridesmaids' being decked with plumes and baby ribbons in the three sweet pea shades. The bouquets were very beautiful and of the chosen flowers. Messrs. King and Ball acted as ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party and about a score of resident and visiting friends partook of a most *recherche* *dejeuner*, perfectly served by McConkey, the bride's table being done in white and gold, and the guests dividing into pleasant groups at quartette tables arranged around it. Mr. and Mrs. Crampton left for the honeymoon, speeded by loving good wishes from many warm friends.

This afternoon the Church of the Redeemer will be the scene of an interesting event, the marriage of Mr. Frederick Joseph Campbell, one of the churchwardens and valued members of the church, and Miss Kathleen Coates, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coates of Madison avenue. Miss Coates will wear a rich and distinctively plain white satin bridal gown, and her maid of honor a silk frock of the new Saturn pink, with picture hat. The bridesmaids' dresses will be of pale apple-green silk, with hats to correspond; all the gowns are in a *mode* at once new and distinguished, which Stitt's clever people have carried out very happily. Mr. Campbell, both in social and business circles, is esteemed most highly by all, and the bride-elect adds to a presence most winsome and lovable, a cultured and thoughtful mind and many accomplishments. It is matter for congratulation that a Toronto man has been fortunate enough to ensure to us her continued residence in the Queen City.

On Thursday of last week Carbrooke was the rendezvous of a very charming party for afternoon tea. As these functions jostle each other these June days each is pronounced the most enjoyable, but the well known hospitalities of Carbrooke fear no comparisons.

On Saturday last the soldier boys of the first camp at Niagara returned home and created quite a stir along King street as, brown and hearty, they tramped home to the west end. The second camp is now in full swing and attracts many pleasant little parties of visitors to Niagara. By the way, down in Belleville the officers were entertained most delightfully on Thursday evening of last week, Lieut. and Mrs. G. Glenice Hulme giving a ball at Hotel Quinte in their honor. Among the invited guests were: Lieut.-Col. Montizambert and officers of the Brigade camp; Lieut.-Col. Greer and officers of the 40th battalion; Lieut.-Col. Rogers and officers of the 3rd P.W.C.D.; Lieut.-Col. Hughes and officers of the 46th battalion; Lieut.-Col. McDonnell and officers of the XVI. battalion; Major Lessard, inspector of cavalry, R.C.D.; Lieut.-Col. Mansell, inspector of infantry; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Ponton, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. S. S. Lazier, Major and Mrs. J. L. Biggar, Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Farley, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. C. Hulme, Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Eakins, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Miss Carrie Jones of Parkdale, whose engagement to our own Mr. Herbert Hulme was recently quietly announced.

Cards of invitation are out for the closing concert of the Toronto College of Music next Tuesday evening, to be held, as usual, in the Pavilion Music Hall.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club House was bright with light and resonant with unworldly music on Monday evening, for there and then the initial hop of the summer season of '98 was in progress. For most of the ladies it was also an initial visit to the sacred heights of the *premier etage*, and very much they enjoyed the raid upon the cosy haunts of clubdom. The floor is in capital shape for dancing at the Town Club House, and the cosy corner, with the spacious balconies, were ideal sitting-out places. Up in the musicians' gallery the Italian orchestra played very well, and some programmes from the ball of the past winter of happy memory were cleverly utilized for the occasion. Everyone seemed in uncommon good spirits, and a jolly evening passed all too rapidly. Many of the yachtsmen were on hand, and the pretty girls were quite "too numerous to mention." From Hamilton, Miss Mewburn and Miss Dunlop, Mrs. and Miss Stewart (who are now living in Collier street and much welcomed to Toronto); from Ottawa, Miss Murphy, sister of Mrs. George Warwick; from Kingston, Miss Irene Kent, and from within our own boundaries many a winsome maid. Under a rose-crowned hat Miss Mae Reid's charming face smiled, and pretty Miss Wornum looked a picture of an ideal summer girl. Miss Clara Geary, who wears her frocks so stylishly, was a sailor maiden in white *pique*, navy blouse and sailor hat. Miss Macdonell was bright and *piquante* as ever. Miss Hewitt, whom all were glad to welcome back, was another popular girl. Miss Murphy was voted the queen of dancers; Miss Hughes looked very pretty, so did little Miss Kent. Miss Dunlop danced like a fairy; Miss Lillian Hamilton was another pretty and graceful girl; lovely Mrs. Morang and her sister, Miss Heaven, were also among the popular people. Mrs. Stewart chaperoned her young daughter, who enjoyed the dance with all the fervor of a "not-out." Mr. C. A. B. Brown and Mr. Mitchell vied with their respective sons in gallantry, and Mr. G. B. Smith, as usual, was dancing from start to finish. Mrs. Carruthers and her big son, Mr. George Carruthers, were among the people who enjoyed themselves.

The engagement of Miss Nellie Coldham and Mr. William Murray Douglas of the firm of McCarthy & Osler is announced. Many friends send warm congratulations to the charming Toledo girl and the happy man who has secured the prize. Toronto will welcome as a hostess this always bright and popular acquisition from the other side.

Major and Mrs. Harry Pellatt give a garden party at Cliffside, their summer residence, on Wednesday afternoon, June 29. The

extension of the street railway east will be a great convenience to their guests.

Mrs. Henry Axtell Prince is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien of Dromoland. Yesterday afternoon a pleasant gathering of her old girl friends took afternoon tea with Mrs. Prince, and many will be happy to greet her on Monday, when she will receive at Dromoland.

A small gathering of friends and relatives witnessed a very pretty wedding in the parlors of the Jarvis street Baptist church on Wednesday morning, June 22. The service was conducted by Rev. B. D. Thomas, and the contracting parties were Mr. Harry W. Lugsdin, son of Mr. George Lugsdin of 425 Sherbourne street, and Miss Della A. Douglas, daughter of Mr. W. H. Douglas of 11 Laurier avenue. The bride appeared to advantage in a charming gown of blue silk and *chiffon* with a cream Leghorn hat. Miss Ettie Douglas, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, gowned in pink. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Mr. Laurence J. Lugsdin. After the ceremony the happy couple left for a trip through the Western States, after which they will reside in the city.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday, June 22, at the residence of Mr. Thomas Cranston, Caledon East, when Miss Annie, his only daughter, was married to Mr. George C. Martin of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Goodman of Orangeville, assisted by Rev. Mr. Langford. The bridesmaid was Miss Hall of Waterdown, N.Y., and the groomsmen were Mr. William Cranston, brother of the bride. The bride was prettily gowned in white grenadine *en train*, with brussels' veil, and carried a shower bouquet of roses. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served in Webb's best style, and the happy couple left on the evening train for Montreal.

The marriage of Miss Louise Wood of 38 Isabella street and Mr. William Ayres Addams of Shippensburg, Penn., took place on Wednesday afternoon, being a house wedding and witnessed by a small circle of intimate friends and relatives. There was neither groomsmen nor bridesmaid at the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. P. Bowles of the Metropolitan church. Miss Wood wore a very pretty traveling-dress of dark blue with vest and stock of white *chiffon*, and hat of fine straw with cornflowers. Mr. and Mrs. Addams will reside in Shippensburg.

Next Tuesday evening Mr. F. Napier Denison lectures on Our Atmospheric Ocean at an open meeting of the Astronomical and Physical Society. Stereoscopic views will illustrate the lecture, on which the clever young scientist has expended a great deal of work.

Mrs. Jarvis gave a very pleasant afternoon tea on Monday in honor of Mrs. Boddy. The rain fortunately ceased before the hour for the reunion, and a congenial party of ladies enjoyed the affair, which was, as are all Mrs. Jarvis's teas, most excellently arranged. The hostess was assisted by her daughters-in-law, Mrs. Edmund, Mrs. George and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, and among the guests at the tea were: Mrs. Boddy, Mrs. Gowski, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Small, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Sprigge, Mrs. White of Ottawa, Mrs. Harman Brown, and a pretty *coterie* of young people.

Bethel church, Farewell, was on Wednesday morning the scene of a very pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Mr. J. P. Clougher and Miss Jean McLellan, third daughter of the late John McLellan of Farewell. The church presented an attractive appearance with its floral decorations. Rev. W. G. Hanna, B.A., officiated. The bride looked charming in white silk and pearl ornaments, with *tulle* veil and orange blossoms.



ON THE INSIDE CHANNEL.

Between Penetanguishene and Parry Sound.

and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses. Miss Bella McLellan and Miss Lena Turner were bridesmaids and carried bouquets of pink roses. The groomsmen were Mr. D. McLellan, brother of the bride. The bride was given away by her eldest brother. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Clougher, with the invited guests, repaired to the old homestead, Elm Grove, where a dainty repast was served, and a couple of hours were spent in song and speech-making, after which Mr. and Mrs. Clougher took their departure from Mount Forest for a trip through Quebec and the Eastern States. Mr. and Mrs. Clougher were the recipients of many valuable and beautiful gifts, which testify to the high esteem in which they are held by their friends.

The marriage of Mr. Ogle Cooper of Clinton, and Miss Nettie Clark, sister of Mr. Joe T. Clark, took place at six o'clock on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's brother, Mackenzie crescent, Rev. Dr. Macdonald of Seaford being the officiating minister. Miss Clark was married in her travelling-dress of gray cloth, and wore a pretty white hat trimmed with *chiffon* and violet wings. Miss Mabel Clark, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, in a dress of white and blue organdie, and Mr. W. Morris of Clinton was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper left on the evening train for Detroit, and on their return from their wedding trip will reside in Clinton. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch; many other pretty presents will await her at her new home, where her family is well known.

A picture of a happy young wife and mother is Mrs. Sprigge (nee Moss), who with her little one is visiting her parents in Jarvis street this month.

The Premier of Ontario has been in Ottawa this week. Mrs. Hardy is now much better and will be soon quite her own bright self again.

Mrs. C. C. Taylor and Miss Taylor of 35 Grosvenor street have returned home from England by the s.s. Labrador. Miss Taylor, who has been in England for two years for her health, is fully restored by her visit.



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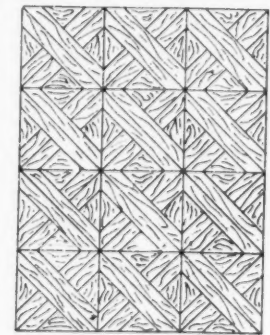
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The Argonauts' At Home on Saturday was unusually favored with fair weather and smooth water for the races. A temperate atmosphere made dancing possible, and the visit of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat gave distinction to the gathering, while the launching of the new eight-oarshell added an interest very potent with the sporting fraternity. In compliment to the popular president of the Argonauts, the shell is called the Galt, and a pretty picture she was, as, manned by her eight stalwart oarsmen and coxswained by the ever-ready Bert Barker, she darted hither and thither before the applauding crowd on the Club balconies and roof, skimming the placid waters of the bay in a steady and speeding flight. Miss Mowat performed the ceremony, while the boat, held in the arms of the rowers, waited to be launched; and when it had been carefully floated the big eight, including such aquatic giants as Bush and Fred Thompson and Joe Wright, stood in all the hideousness of abbreviated panties, great brown legs, and the might of shoulders and muscular arms like bronze. In attitudes of deep dejection, while Sir Oliver, Mr. President Galt and others lauded their former prowess and urged them to fresh victories. But once in their dapper new craft they showed the cheering crowd that they were oarsmen who knew a thing or two. With the christening party were: Mrs. Fred Mowat, Commander Law (as aide), Mrs. Percy Galt, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, Mr. Secretary Bunting, and several others. At the dance was a party of young girls hard to match for looks and general grace and attractiveness. They danced incessantly until a late hour, and the Italian orchestra played good music, old and new. Refreshments were plentifully provided in the gymnasium, and the whole affair was distinctly delightful, more so even than usual, people said. Mrs. Perceval Ridout, in a handsome black and white gown and hat; Mrs. Wallbridge and her sweet daughter, who were pale fawn with *cicouture* and collar of *sang-de-bœuf* satin and a very pretty chiffon vest; Mrs. and Miss Barker and their pretty little guest, Miss Irene Kent; Miss Bessie Hees and her guest, Miss Tonkin of Oswego, who wore *vieux* rose silk under a diaphanous black grenadine with tiny stripes; Mrs. Victor Cawthra, in a pretty gown and hat; and Mrs. Galbraith, in black *moire* striped with white satin. The Government House ladies wore white gowns; Mrs. Greville Harston wore white duck and hat touched with pink. A very sweet little frock was of clear white organdie over silk, with a black hair stripe and many tiny tufts, worn with a black hat, a charming little costume; Mrs. James Caruthers wore a purple silk blouse and check skirt in white, purple and green, with a hat crowned with the fashionable cornflowers; Miss Jessie Rowand wore white lace-trimmed muslin. Pretty Miss Florence Vivien wore a girlish white and green frock. There were muslins and ducks and linens galore. Miss Jean Smith had on a fetching white sailor suit and white plumed hat; Miss Helen Wadsworth was in white pique and pale blue ribbons; Mrs. Gibson wore pink-flowered muslin; Mrs. Galt was in white with canary yellow sashes; Mrs. Archibald was in dove-gray with violets; Miss Palin wore white pique, and her sister, Miss Winifred, was much welcomed after her long illness; Miss Wormum looked very well, so did Miss Gyp Armstrong in white and deep cerise; Mrs. Victor Armstrong was one of the jolliest of chaperones; Mrs. Arthur Denison was among the guests who numbered several hundreds. Later on in the evening Mrs. Percy Galt presented the prizes won by the crews during the afternoon.

It is hoped that our summer visitors from the States will not be terrified into flight by the unearthly noises heard occasionally in King street west. It is not a vivisection seance, dear people, nor a lunatic ward, nor even a meeting of the City Council; it is just an organ manufacturer testing the pipes of his organs, though it might easily be imagined as the walls of tortured souls in some Dante-famed locality below.

The action of the Synod in forbidding the marriage by an Anglican clergyman of divorced persons, no matter under what circumstances, will be received with disfavor by some. It is not every day that a hundred-dollar fee drops into one's pocket. That, by the way, was the exact amount received on a recent occasion, and the wild tales of ten times the amount should be contradicted. It's bad enough to lose the hundred, for the poor parson, but no need to make him suffer to the four-figure mark.

Mrs. Blackstock-Downey has been welcomed back by many friends. She was with her father and mother in Homewood avenue for a fortnight and left last Saturday.

Mr. Godfrey is much interested in all press comments on his band. He wants to know whether the critic of the *Mail and Empire* isn't a foreigner. That's what you get for wearing a pointed beard, only Mr. Godfrey had not that reason for his enquiry. By the way, I heard a good one on the band last Saturday. A musical friend was talking to a player therein, and enquired something about one of the soloists. "I really don't know," answered the bandsman. "You mean that you won't tell. Well, perhaps I

should not have asked," apologized my friend. "But I don't know," testily protested the bandsman; "I never saw him till I was introduced to him on the ship after we sailed!" And my musical friend is still holding his hair on.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt went last week to Cliffside, their summer residence at Scarborough, and Mrs. Pellatt is at home on Saturday afternoons during the season.

On Wednesday, Miss Bessie Hees gave a tea for Miss Tonkin, the fair Oswegoan who has brightened many social gatherings with her presence this month.

Mrs. Thomas gave a charming little dinner to the bridesmaids and ushers who assisted at her daughter's wedding on Tuesday, last Saturday evening. The decorations of the table were pink roses, and the young people enjoyed the affair very thoroughly.

Miss Lillian Smart has been quite ill for over a fortnight, but is now happily better, though still quite weak.

People passing on Jarvis street were excited to remark the windows of the Cawthra-Murray mansion hung open and a general air of stir about the place. 'Twas only an airing, however, to see about moths and damp, and once more the fine house is hermetically sealed and stands tantalizingly silent and sombre.

Miss Mae Reid of Sherbourne street was very pretty and popular at the Argonauts' At Home on Saturday.

Events mentions that a scarcity of British flags is felt on the "other side." Isn't that lovely? The humor of it doesn't seem to occur to the serious chronicler. But I want to remark that a more peculiar thing is a scarcity of British or Canadian flags in Toronto. A party of Buffalo ladies visited Toronto last week, one of whom is making a collection of national ensigns. She buys flags where she visits, and likes 'em in silk, and of a reasonable size, neither too large nor too small. She hunted Toronto for a nice British or Canadian flag, but could not discover one. "Wasn't it the queerest thing?" she said, as she retailed her fruitless labors on the way home.

Emmanuel, Count of Turin, heir-apparent of the throne of Italy, is fishing in Lake St. John, Quebec. Canada welcomes him and wishes him many a bite-fish-bite of course; the musical musquitto he'll get without any wishes. The other heir-apparent, young Flanders, has gone home to Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Grant have come to Montreal to live. Boothden, where so many happy hours have been spent, is either sold or about to be by the owners.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wellington left on Thursday night for New York, and sailed per steamer Boadicea on Saturday for London and the Continent.

Mrs. Short and family, of Wellington street west, have taken the beautifully situated cottage of Mr. Shortly in Stony Lake and will summer there.

Mr. Alex. Crooks sailed on Saturday with the Bisleys team for England and will spend the summer abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote are summering at Center Island. Mr. Alf. Rogers has gone to reside in Hamilton. Miss Helen O'Brien of Montreal, daughter of Senator O'Brien, who has been visiting Mrs. W. T. Murray, has gone home. Mrs. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bickford and Mrs. O. Bickford have been at the Queen's Royal since their return from England. Mrs. Bickford is now at the Arlington.

Once more Benvenuto the beautiful has welcomed the world of pleasure to its charming precincts. On Tuesday afternoon it was the Mecca of many a pilgrim who toiled up the rough-hewn steps between verdure and flowering shrubs in great luxuriance, or, more fortunate, drove between the famous Florentine gates and swept under the *porte-cochere* in every kind of smart conveyance. Strains of music floated in welcoming melody from behind a thicket of green, where was stationed an Italian orchestra, just opposite the entrance hall. In the hall Mrs. Mackenzie greeted the shoals of guests in that gentle and winning way which is so peculiarly her own. People did not linger much within doors, for beyond the south veranda stretched a beautiful scene, the earth and sky smiling in June loveliness, and the crowd passing and repassing, charmingly gowned and full of content with an ideal day and place in which to spend the late hours of the afternoon. There were visitors from the North-West, from Montreal and Quebec, from Kingston and several of the cities across the line, and all were full of praise of the hospitable affair at Benvenuto. Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, with Miss Kirkpatrick, were welcome guests; Lady Edgar smiling response to many congratulations; Sir William Howland, Lady Howland, beautifully gowned; Sir Frank Smith, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crookes, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr.

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Miss Rose Patteson, Mr. and Mrs. Suddam and the Misses Coldham, Mrs. and the Misses Larratt-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Drayton, Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Cattanach, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Machray and Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsay, Colonel and Miss Yda Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone, Mr. and Mrs. George Morang, the Misses Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. Fitton, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Grace, Mr. S. S. and Miss Macdonell, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Justice and Miss Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hughes, the Misses Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mullins, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, the Misses Montgomery, Mrs. and Miss Mitchell, Hon. A. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Mewburn, Miss Ritchie, and Miss Williams, three charming girl guests of well known people, Mr. George Sears, Mr. Don Ross, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, were a few of the many guests. The little daughters of the hostess, with a much adored small visitor from the Grace home in Madison avenue and some other pretty children, were flitting about the grounds in white frocks and pretty hair floating loose. The huge refreshment marquee was set on the west lawn and bounteously supplied with good things. When, as late as one dared, one said good-night to the hostess and Miss Mackenzie, who was, as always, her mother's right hand, the whisper, "Go and get some roses," sent the willing lader back to the garden, where bushes laden with glorious bloom in white and red yielded a sweet souvenir of the afternoon at Benvenuto.

A very nice collection of the paintings of the late Y. Saito are on exhibition at the Ellis gallery on King street, where they will remain for about another week. There are some very pretty pieces in oils and water-colors. These pictures are still owned by Mrs. Saito and are offered for sale.

Mrs. G. H. Sims and Miss Rella Sims of 98 St. George street, together with Mrs. E. Bricker of Berlin, Ont., have left for a few weeks, visiting friends at Detroit and Petoskey, Michigan.

On Wednesday evening, June 15, a quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. John H. Cox, 79 Anne street, when his second daughter, Miss Alice Cox, was married to Mr. G. Wallace Weese, eldest son of Mr. George A. Weese of this city. Rev. Mr. Welton of Immanuel Baptist Church officiated. The bride looked charming in white India silk and chiffon, and the bridesmaid, Miss Edythe Dadson, wore a pretty gown of cream tulle. Mr. Laurence J. Lusdin was groomsmen. After congratulations the happy couple left for a short tour through the Western States. Owing to the sudden demise of Mrs. (Dr.) McKee, the sister of the groom, a quiet wedding was arranged.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower, and Miss Macklen, give a tea this afternoon.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, nephew of the famous statesman, and Miss Maude Imogene Carlisle, formerly of Toronto, were married in Brooklyn, N.Y. Of Miss Carlisle the *Brooklyn Eagle* says: "The bride, a graceful, pretty blonde, was very becomingly gowned in white silk poplin with ruchings of satin ribbon and bodice and sash of chiffon. Her tulle veil was fastened with a turquoise and diamond ornament and her bouquet was of white sweet peas and roses arranged in shower effect. The maid of honor was attired in white organdie, with mauve flowers and sash and trimmings of mauve chiffon, and carried a bouquet of purple sweet peas. Her belt was of oxidized silver and amethysts, the gift of the bride. The bridesmaid was gowned in white organdie and the little flower-girl wore a dainty frock of blue organdie and carried a basket of sweet peas and roses. The last two named attendants carried Empire fans, presented by the bride."

Prof. Arthur Allen, M.A., Ph.D., professor of psychology and education of the State University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, was married on Tuesday evening in the McCaul street Methodist church to Miss A. M. Carey, daughter of Mr. Johnston Carey of Beverley street. The bride wore a handsome gown of very white duchesse satin *en train*, trimmed with chiffon, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. J. Barkwell, M.A., assisted by Rev. E. J. Badgley, M.A., LL.D., and Rev. L. E. Shore, B.A., B.D. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura Acheson of Goderich and Miss Ethel McKinley of Orillia, who wore gowns of white silk organdie over yellow, and white leghorn hats, and carried bunches of crimson roses. Miss Maude Carey, sister of the bride, the maid of honor, wore a gown of white silk, with a large picture hat. Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol, Ph.D., professor of ethics and psychology in the Denver University, Denver, Col., was the groomsmen. Mr. A. C. Carey, brother of the bride, and Mr. A. S. Pearce acted as ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the house of the bride's parents in Beverley street.

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THE PIRATE OF CLIVEDEN REACH

BY
GRANT ALLEN.

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WHEN news first reached me that a distinguished M.P. had been set upon and robbed by a well dressed highwayman on the main stream of the Thames, just below Cliveden Woods, I confess I was more than half-inclined, on the first blush of it, to treat the whole affair as a cock-and-bull story.

I had been high constable of the county for fifteen years, and as my own place at Bray slopes down with its lawn to the river's edge, I know perfectly well how crowded this part of the Thames is with punts and rowing-boats during the whole summer season. Moreover, the particular spot chosen for the extraordinary attempt seemed so very unlikely. Cliveden reach is the most frequented stretch of water on the whole river; hundreds of holiday-makers pour down from London every day to Taplow or Maidenhead; so that the channel is alive with scullers and steam launches for some five miles up stream till a late hour in the evening. I pooh-poohed the policeman who first told me the tale.

"Nonsense," I said; "the gentleman must have been dining at some riverside hotel, perhaps with casual or undesirable acquaintances, and having had his pocket picked by them, or being diddled out of his money, he has invented this extremely improbable story to allay his wife's well grounded suspicions."

For, I am sorry to say, one cannot be high constable of a riverside county for fifteen years and yet retain a childlike trust in the perfect goodness of human nature.

But when the Right Honorable Edward Symington himself, the respected member for the Plympton boroughs, appeared before me and told his tale, I confess I was staggered.

Mr. Symington was not the sort of man, I took it, to be the victim of a delusion; nor did he look particularly glibly. Tall, thick-set, stoutly built, a typical, hard-headed English squire, a good rider to hounds, a conservative country member, he had the solidity and credibility which we always attribute to the honest, straightforward, unimaginative John Bull.

He told his story with perfect frankness. He had been out on the river with a party of friends, intimate friends, and had dined—he did not attempt to deny the fact of dining—at that well conducted house, the Ferry Inn, at Cookham. After dinner, about nine at night, on a fine early summer evening, he started in a Canadian canoe for Maidenhead. He was accustomed to manage a boat, and was a good sculler and paddler. Where the stream divides he took the inner channel, under the Cliveden Woods; and there, just behind the island, he was surprised, as he passed, to see another canoe glide rapidly out in the gloom, and a man accost him threateningly.

"Fork out whatever you have in your purse! Quick! hand it over this minute, or I shoot you!"

"What sort of a man?" I asked, eyeing my informant hard.

Symington answered like a truthful person:

"I could hardly make out, as it was growing dusk; but he seemed to me tall, with much black hair about his face—beard, moustache and whiskers."

"Armed?"

"Certainly; armed with a revolver. He pointed it full at me and cried, 'No hesitation, or I fire.' He was bland, but peremptory."

"He dared not have fired," I said. "He would have aroused the neighborhood."

"I'm not so sure of that; it is lonely behind the islands, and the hour was late. I passed only one other boat all the way from Cookham. The river is crowded. I admit, Colonel, till eight or half past; but as soon as it grows dark not a soul is left on it."

"And you gave him your purse?"

"Well, it was cowardly of me, I own; but what would you have? He was covering me with his revolver; I was quite unarmed. And remember, too, in a Canadian canoe; which is not the sort of place one would choose for a tussle—the least thing upsets one. Besides, I don't swim; it's the sole manly accomplishment I never acquired, having been brought up inland, far away from any river. When I went up to Oxford I was either too old or too ashamed to learn, and I have never learned; so the rogue had me at his mercy."

"How much money did your purse contain?"

"Oh, nothing to speak of—about seven pounds. But that's not what I mind. It's the principle of the thing—that a pirate should be permitted to go about unchecked on the upper Thames with 'Your money or your life!' in this nineteenth century."

I paused and reflected.

"Things of the sort will crop up," I said, "in spite of all the pains one may take to prevent them. But nothing like this shall crop up again, I promise you. I will have the river properly patrolled and guarded."

"You must," he said warmly. "Such an outrage is a disgrace to our boasted civilization. You must catch the rogue. Till he is imprisoned, Colonel Venables-Hughes, you have not fulfilled your duty to the community."

As soon as he had gone I asked my chief detective, who had been present during our interview, what he thought of Mr. Symington's story. He stroked his smooth chin warily—a chief detective's chin is always smooth, as he has to get himself up in so many disguises—and

answered with great deliberation:

"His account has a ring of truth in it, sir. I should say, myself, he was probably robbed. Of course, a gentleman may give away money, and then desire to account for it; but Mr. Symington is not a very young gentleman, nor a very foolish one; and it's the young ones and the foolish ones that trump up stories of such adventures. My impression is, we might watch the reach carefully from the bank for a week or two."

"Atkins," I said, "we shall watch it, but not from the bank. You're the man to do it. You know the river well, and you can manage a boat. We must fight the fellow with his own weapons—if there is any fellow, which is far from certain. He uses a Canadian canoe. He's right, of course; no boat is so noiseless; with none other can you see so well ahead exactly where you are going, and guide yourself so perfectly. You must have a Canadian canoe; pervade Cliveden reach, and see whether any such outrage is attempted again."

"It will be attempted again, sir," Atkins said, decisively. "You may count upon that. If the story's true, the fellow will have learned that he can induce a strong and vigorous man, a member of Parliament, and a good sculler, to deliver up his purse by just presenting a loaded revolver at his head. The process is simplicity itself. Is it likely he won't try the same game on again, when he finds it so easy?"

We debated where we should post him. My own idea was that the robber, having tried Cliveden reach once, would make his second attempt somewhere near Marlow or Bisham, just to avoid our precautions. But Atkins said no; and Atkins's experience was worth much in such matters. The only reach where the fellow could be sure of catching somebody worth robbing, he saw, was the most frequented piece of water. At Marlow or Bisham, after dark, he might wait for hours without seeing anyone. But on Cliveden reach there was always a passer-by. Besides, he would need the cover of the reed-beds. I agreed that Atkins was right, and made all arrangements for the canoe, as well as for a couple of policemen with a double-sculling skiff to be in waiting close by whenever Atkins sprang his rattle.

The magistrates laughed at me. "Do you really suppose, Colonel," one of them said to me, "such things can happen in England to-day? I call it preposterous. Old Symington had had quite as much as was good for him, that's the long and the short of it; he lost his purse, and then invented this cock-and-bull story; or else, he found some agreeable person who relieved him of his cash, and he wanted to explain the little mishap away. The tale's not worth investigating."

However, I went on with my plans, and set Atkins to work. Eight days later I had the laugh over the magistrates.

Two young ladies, daughters of Mr. Talbot Evatt, the well known stockbroker, who has a house on the river near Quarry Woods, had gone down towards Taplow bridge after dinner in a skiff, both of them pulling. About a quarter past nine they returned, and just as they neared the larger island, one of them said jokingly to the other, "I hope Mr. Symington's highwayman won't come out and catch us!" Even as she uttered the words, a Canadian canoe appeared before them, darting like an arrow out of a high reed-bed. A man was in it, with very bushy black whiskers. He drew a revolver.

"Hush," he said resolutely. "If either of you speak one word, I will fire. Mind—I have six cartridges, and I can kill you both. Don't make the slightest noise; take off your jewelry and your watches, and pull out your purses and hand them over to me. If you delay one second, I shoot. Sharp's the word. Fork over!"

The two girls were too terrified to do anything but obey. They pulled out their purses, stripped off their bracelets and rings, and handed them across to the expectant ruffian. He took them without a word.

"Now, mind," he said, "I go off, but I shall watch you from the reeds. If you give any alarm till you reach Cookham, I fire; I'm a dead shot, and I promise you I won't miss you."

He disappeared into the reeds. The girls, terrified for a moment, sculled on in silence. But as soon as they reached the open part of the river, beyond the islands, they recovered their nerve a little, and shouted aloud, "Help! help! Murder! murder! Robbers!" at the top of their voices. The Cliveden ferryman heard them, but before he could put out his boat, Atkins, who had been hidden a little further above the reeds close by, came out with his canoe, crying, "What is the matter, ladies? I am a detective, and I have a couple of policemen here. Has anybody molested you?"

The girls told their story and Atkins, with commendable speed, sprang his rattle and got his two policemen out from under the shelter of the bank where they were waiting. Then he took one of the girls and a policeman down one side of the islands, while the other girl and the second policeman went down the other. In a quarter of an hour he had communicated with the lock-keepers above and below, and had gathered together half a dozen other men, with lights and boats, to make a cordon around the reed-beds and the islands, while he and some few selected boatmen thoroughly searched them.

But the miscreant had escaped. Their search was in vain. The only thing that a prolonged investigation of

the spot next day could reveal was one of the bracelets dropped into the water, near the point where the girls had been overhauled, as well as an object, much waterlogged, but bearing traces of having been made of colored paper-maché, which Atkins believed to be a false nose worn by the pirate. That detail, however, the elder Miss Evatt distinctly denied, as she saw the man well for a moment in the moonlight, and could make out that his nose was quite small and regular.

This second outrage naturally aroused a great deal of feeling on the river. Ladies had been accustomed to row about freely alone, without fear of interruption; and the unpleasant discovery that they might be set upon and robbed caused a most disagreeable awakening for riverside households. Mr. Talbot Evatt himself offered a reward of five hundred pounds for whoever caught or exposed the robber, and the county added another five hundred. But for three or four weeks nothing further was heard; and it began to be believed that the matter had blown over.

At the end of that time, however, I received information of another and still more extraordinary outrage. Mrs. Reginald Wybrook of Bourne End is an old lady universally respected on the river; she takes the part of chief almoner to the district, being both wealthy and benevolent, and is often entrusted with the charities of other people.

One rainy afternoon, about six o'clock, this lady was returning by boat from Bray, rowed by her two nieces, both excellent oarswomen, when a curious episode happened. Mrs. Wybrook had called at Maidenhead on her way up from the Bray Hospital (where she had been visiting the inmates of that picturesque almshouse), and she had cashed a cheque at the bank for £30, as was her wont once a fortnight. She carried the amount in gold in a small canvas bag. The river was deserted, as it was raining heavily, and few boats had ventured out in the inhospitable weather. All at once, at the corner near the second island, a Canadian canoe shot swiftly across the stream, amid the blinding rain, and a man with black beard and whiskers raised his hand with a menacing gesture.

"Not a word," he said, abruptly. "You know my business. If you hand me over that sixty pounds in gold, without any trouble, you can go on your way unmolested. Make a moment's delay and I fire without mercy."

Mrs. Wybrook, who is a determined old lady of the ancient school, an admiral's widow, answered promptly, with great spirit, "I shall do nothing of the sort; I will not yield to the threats of a highwayman." But her youngest niece, Miss Gladys Wybrook, a timid Girton girl, snatched the bag of sovereigns from her aunt's hand and flung it frantically to the robber. He caught it in one hand, tossed it up in the air with careless glee, like a ball, and recaptured it as it fell, lifted his hat politely and darted back around the island again. As soon as he was gone the ladies raised a shout, but no one heard them. They had almost reached Cookham lock before they came upon Atkins, paddling about quietly in the discharge of his duty, amid the torrents of rain which were still falling slantwise.

Atkins was half-incredulous at first as to the possibility of the rascal having ventured to attack ladies in broad daylight and on the open river. "Seems almost like hysteria, sir," he said to me afterwards, "especially as the young lady was so very much agitated." But he returned down stream with them and soon satisfied himself as to the reality of their story by finding the man's revolver flung out on the bank just opposite the island. It was clear the robber had got rid of it in order to avoid suspicion in case he was overtaken. Looking down into the river close by, again, Atkins also discovered the canvas bag, an incriminating object, at the bottom of the stream; there could be no doubting its identity, as it had the banker's name printed on its side in legible letters.

Atkins was now convinced that the highwayman must have been calling at the bank at Maidenhead when the cheque was cashed (since he knew the amount), and must have hurried up the river surreptitiously in his canoe, creeping close under the trees, before Mrs. Wybrook's party. This gave the detective two good clues: first, the revolver, which was by a Birmingham maker; secondly, the point that the robber must have been seen at Maidenhead that evening. Atkins himself, most unfortunately, had spent the whole afternoon around the Cookham

lock, discussing probabilities and possible clues with the lock-keeper and his assistant.

I will not weary you with the accounts of the two or three subsequent outrages (detailed in the daily papers of the moment), each taking place at the most unexpected time, and each unfortunately so well planned to take place in Atkins's absence that that astute officer began to suspect either his policeman or the lock-keepers of being in league with the villain and giving him notice when the detective was away on some other part of the river. It seemed now to be clear that we must take more active measures, and must patrol the whole district of the Thames between Bray and Marlow with a perfect cordon of policemen.

While I and my brother, High Constable in the adjoining county, were discussing the details of this scheme so as to adjust the expenses between our respective rate-payers (for the opposite banks are here occupied by Bucks and Berks), an unexpected development occurred. I think I had best narrate it in the way it seemed to me at the moment.

Being anxious to watch for myself the possibilities of such episodes occurring in the evening, I had strolled out one night through the riverside path (private) that threads the grounds of Taplow Court and Cliveden. I had almost reached the first island near the marble steps, when I saw in the dusk a skiff rowed by two girls coming slowly towards me. As it reached the reed-bed I was aware of some commotion. Gazing through the gloom, I saw the very episode I was so anxious to see—a Canadian canoe glide suddenly and noiselessly across the bows of the row-boat. I rushed down to the bank to note what would happen. I could make out the pirate raising his hand with the revolver; I could hear him cry, "Halt, there; your money!" Next instant the most unexpected incident took place. The girls, instead of screaming or turning away, rose up resolutely in the boat and seized the man with great pluck. One of them pointed a revolver in return; the other wrenched the weapon from the wretch's hand. Then I saw that the canoe was upset, and the assailant was struggling for his life in the water.

I pulled off my coat and boots and swam across to help them to secure him. As I approached one of the girls called out to me in a very mannish voice, "Who are you?"

"Colonel Venables-Hughes," I answered, "High Constable of the county."

"Oh, it's you, Colonel, is it?" the voice answered; and I recognized it was a man's. Next moment I knew them—the two young Wybrooks, brothers of the nieces who had been caught before; they were dressed up as girls to deceive the pirate.

It was a capital ruse. But they had counted without their host; the rogue was too much for them. Taking advantage of the momentary diversion created by my arrival on the scene, he suddenly shook himself free, ducked under their arms with extraordinary address, and swam boldly landward. He tried to reach the Berkshire shore opposite.

"Head him, Colonel! head him!" Charlie Wybrook called out, seizing a scull and getting forward. I swam out again and headed him. But the fellow dived under the boat like a dab-chick, and came up near the bank. The two Wybrooks sculled on as fast as they could get their oars in. I struck after him for dear life. But that cunning rascal was again beforehand with us. He knew the bank well, and made down stream for a hard spot. I tried to land nearer and higher, and found myself entangled in mud and weeds. It took me half a minute to drag myself ashore with the assistance of the Wybrooks. By that time the pirate had made good his landing and was striking across the fields in the direction of the big white house known as the Fishery.

Charlie Wybrook leaped ashore and bolted after him. Charlie was a splendid runner; he won the Varsity quarter mile when he was an undergraduate at Oriel. As he landed, he tore off his woman's hat and skirt; but he had still the bodice. Arthur ran diagonally across the field—also half man, half woman—so as to cut off the wretch's retreat by the further end, in case he doubled. As for me, I made for the opening by the footpath to Cookham. But the field, a low-water meadow, was intersected with ditches, both deep and wide; and they hampered us greatly. We could see the pirate knew them all well, and was evidently acquainted with the little bridges here and there; for he never turned aside, but made straight in the dusk for them. Charlie Wybrook leaped the dykes, narrowly escaping a ducking. As for Arthur and myself, in the eagerness of pursuit we ran through them boldly.

But where was Atkins all this time? I drew my whistle twice, and blew long and loud for him. Strange to say, ubiquitous as he had always seemed when danger lowered before, he did not now answer. I began to fear our prisoner would after all escape us. Still, Charlie was gaining on him now—when all at once he bolted for the garden gate of the Fishery. To his evident surprise he found it locked; he had not counted on that mishap clearly. I could gather he was somebody who knew the ground well, for the moment the gate failed him he rushed madly up the out-house where the coal is kept, and then up the roof of the house, like a cat or a monkey. Charlie Wybrook, never pausing, followed him as quickly as he himself had mounted. For a second there was a desperate struggle on the leads; the two men closed; then Charlie threw his man; but the rogue rose again, unharmed, and twisting himself once more with surprising ease out of his captor's grasp, descended straight into my arms and Arthur's.

How we missed him I really don't know; but we did miss him. With extraordinary agility he ducked as he passed us, and seemed to slip like an eel through our closing fingers.

"Give him chase, Arthur!" I cried, "give him chase!" And at the same moment Charlie came scampering down the sloping roof and joined us in the pur-

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suit. For half a minute the pirate made as though he were going towards the corner by the footpath—the most natural mode of escape now the garden gate was locked, with its high and dangerous spikes; but his cunning and swiftness of resource were really marvelous. No sooner had he separated us in our efforts to head him than he suddenly and unexpectedly doubled back towards the river. I saw what he meant now; he was making for the boat again; he would put himself across, and escape up the hills on the Buckinghamshire side towards Taplow or Great Wycombe.

"Cut him off, Charlie; cut him off!" I shouted. "He's making for the skiff!"

But again we were almost too late. A ditch intervened in our path and stopped us. The man's tactics were masterly; I understood now why he had got off scot-free so often; he had a marvelously intimate knowledge of the country and its intricacies.

We made after him for the boat. He reached it before us. Jumping in, he seized the sculls. But Charlie was too quick for him. He followed, and wrested the blade with a jerk from the man's grasp. It was now too dark to see much; but Arthur and I followed him. We were all four in the boat, and clung hard to our prisoner. It was the most exciting hunt I have ever taken part in.

"If only Atkins were here!" I cried. "He would have handcuffed with him!" As I spoke, that irrepressible creature bounded to his feet once more as if I had stung him; half upset the boat, and sprang hastily overboard. I saw he was determined not to be caught, if he drowned for it.

He swam like a water-rat. We rowed after him, and, finding all other means fail, Charlie Wybrook gave him a light tap on the head with his scull. That brought the man to reason. He let us come up with him and pull him out of the water, though struggling still as hard as he could struggle. But he was quite exhausted. His breath came and went, and he was in a state of collapse. At last, so I thought, though after all the trouble he had given us, I deemed it best to take nothing for granted. He might be shamming, and might jump overboard again next moment if we relaxed our attention. For it was certain, at least, that our captured pirate was a man of immense resource, and a most consummate acrobat.

"Search his pockets!" I said sternly. "He may have another revolver concealed about him!" For Charlie Wybrook had snatched one away from him in the course of the first struggle when the canoe went over.

Charlie did as I suggested, Arthur holding the man meanwhile, for he still made ineffectual attempts at resistance.

"This is odd," Charlie said at last. "The fellow has no more fire-arms, but of all things on earth to come in handy at such a minute, he has—a pair of handcuffs!"

"Pass them over," I said, still as suspicious as a child. "What on earth can he want with them, though? However, 'tis the bitter bit. We'll use them for himself, Charlie!"

We secured him at once. As soon as his wrists were fast he gave up all for lost, and lay back resignedly in the bottom of the boat where I laid him. To make things doubly sure, however, we tied his feet with the rope at the bow—what we call the painter. I took the sculls and pulled, for I was cold after my ducking. The two young men, half laughing at their

success, kept guard over their prisoner.

As for the baffled wretch, he sat with his head held down, his hands manacled, and his feet tied with the rope, the very picture of despair—wet, downcast and speechless. He seemed thoroughly cowed. He never spoke a word till we reached Cookham lock. Before we could tell the lockmen our story, however, one of the keepers came alongside with strange tidings which added to our complication.

"Heard the news, sir?" he called out, recognizing me. "Mr. Symington's gone off his head; they've took him to an asylum. It appears he never went on the river that day at all; it was all a delusion."

Our prisoner rocked himself to and fro and muttered in a tone which seemed somehow quite familiar to me, "All a delusion! Only a delusion!"

We hauled him out, still dripping, and held him tight till the constables could

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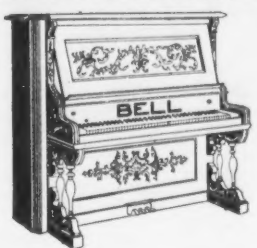
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come up and take him in charge. He was wearing a false beard, which he had kept through the race. I removed it and gazed at him. "Well, you know me now, Colonel," he said gruffly. I stood aghast. It was Atkins!

We had been employing him as a detective to detect himself. He was the Pirate of Cliveden Reach—he had committed all the outrages!

Before long the policemen came up and took possession of him. We marched him to the lock-up. It was a melancholy procession; every one of us knew him. As soon as the young Wybrooks had formally charged him I held a few minutes' conversation alone with the prisoner.

"Atkins," I said, "we may as well be frank with one another. I need not caution you about the use that may be made of anything you may say, but I ask you one question, as one who knows you, and not in my official capacity—do you mean to plead guilty?"

He hung his head doggedly. "Oh it's all up now," he answered; "I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. I shall plead guilty to the lot, every blessed job, and throw myself on the judge's mercy. But it was you that did this thing! It was you that suggested it!"

"I?" I broke in, astonished. "How do you make that out, Atkins?"

He crossed his handcuffed hands between his legs with a gesture of despair, and replied slowly:

"By seeming to believe that old fool, Teddy Symington."

"Then you robbed Mr. Symington?" I exclaimed.

He looked up with a malicious grin.

"I've made a good business of this sort of job for years," he answered; "but it's all up now, and I may as well have done with it. I've worked many a good burglar or two in town, where nobody'd ever suspect a country detective; but it was you that set me on this. I'd never have thought of it. Robbed Mr. Symington! No, nobody ever robbed old Symington, don't you see? The moment he told his story, I could tell he was as mad as a hatter; and if it had been me that had had to manage it, the man I'd have called in would have been the divisional doctor. Old Symington took a fancy into his head he'd been robbed—robbed on Cliveden reach—and what you said set me thinking. It hadn't been done; but it was easy enough to do. You paid for my canoe, and I got a light collapsible one."

"Atkins," I said, drawing back, "I shall really have to remind you, after all, that anything you may say—"

He looked up at me angrily.

"Stow it, you old idiot," he cried. "Do you think I'm telling you all for anything except for my own reasons? You'd better listen. I'll help you in future in your official duties. I bought a canoe and I lurked about the river. I was there, as a detective, authorized to guard the place; and I could land on the private grounds, pretty well where I liked, and carry my collapsible canoe, folded, with me. I could run along the bank twice as fast with it under my arm as any two men could scull an ordinary row-boat. And I did run with it, too. I began with the Evans girls; I knew they had good jewelry, and I got it all from them. First, I ran along the bank to the reed-bed; there, I got in again, and headed down stream, pulled my false whiskers off, and came to their aid with their bracelets in my pocket. It was as easy as pap; and it was you that showed it to me."

"Atkins," I said severely, "I decline to hear any more of this self-incriminating story. It isn't seemly."

He laughed a peculiar laugh.

"You'd better hear it out," he said.

"You won't have another chance. Then there was that Wybrooks woman. She told me a few days before that she supposed there wasn't any danger in coming back by daylight, for she always brought

sixty pounds in gold every second Wednesday from the bank at Maidenhead. I told her, not the least; and, the rain coming on in the nick of time, I ran down the path with my canoe under my arm, stopped her and took it, chucked my revolver on shore where I could find it again, stuck the money into my pocket, and flung away the bag, and not one of you even thought of searching my pockets! You thought a detective could do no wrong. Oh, you're just about as fit to be High Constable of a County as I am fit to be Archbishop of Canterbury. And I wish to goodness I was; with fifteen thousand a year, no man has a temptation to be anything but virtuous."

I withdrew from the cell. "Atkins," I said, with dignity, "this is a painful business. I can listen to no more. I feel I must leave you."

"All right, old man," he answered in a most insolent tone. "Don't you be afraid. I won't expose your incompetence."

Next morning, before breakfast, I was surprised to receive a visit from the keeper of the lock-up. His face was very grave.

"Well, Nicholson," I said, anticipating evil from his appearance, "what's the matter this morning?"

"This, sir," he answered. "Atkins has poisoned himself. We think he must have had prussic acid concealed about him. He left this note."

I took it and read it.

"Forgive a dying man one outburst of spleen. And don't be too hard on my wife and family."

It may be weak of me, but I will frankly confess it was I who obtained for Mrs. Atkins the post of matron to the Upper Downton Infirmary.

[THE END.]

How to Make Money.

About a month ago I saw an advertisement in a religious paper where Dept. G 3 of the Iron City Dish Washer Co., of Sta. A, Pittsburgh, Pa., wanted a few good agents to sell their latest improved dish washer. I wrote them, and they sent me full particulars how to sell the household article. When the machine arrived I showed it to my neighbors, and I took orders in every home that I visited. It is the easiest thing to sell, and without any previous experience in selling anything I sold a dozen the first five days. The firm gave me full particulars how to sell it, and I found that by following their instructions I did well. The machine washes and dries the dishes in less time than it takes to tell it. Then a woman don't have to put her hands in the greasy dish water, and everyone knows how disagreeable that is. I am making lots of money selling the dish washer, and any other energetic person can do the same. Write them for circulars.

Little Mary was discovered one day by her mother vigorously applying the oil-can to the kitten's mouth. On being reproved, she replied: "Why, mamma, kitty squeaks so awfully when I pull her tail."

"Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, vicious children like those at your gate, and ——" "Sir, those children are mine!" and the slamming of the door could be heard in the next street.

An amusing accident once occurred at a time when an American vessel was lying at Naples. On being visited by the King and his suite, one of the latter, with cocked hat, mustache, sword, etc., was exploring the ship and mistook the main hatch wind-sail for a mast, and leaned against it. The officer of the deck was promptly advised of the accident by the boat-swain's mate, who said: "Excuse me, sir, but I think one of them 'ere kings has fell down the main hatch, sir."—From *On a Man-o'-War*.

You Can't Tell.

You don't know when that cough will stop. The cough of consumption has just such a beginning. Take Scott's Emulsion now while the cough is easily managed.

Old Letters.

Harper's Bazar.

"What shall we do with our letters?" This is a question which each of us asks many times each year, and to which we cannot find a satisfactory response.

"Burn them!" says one, promptly. "It is the only thing to do. They are of interest to the receiver only, and life is too short to spend in reading old letters. When you are dead and gone someone, for whose eyes they were never meant, will read them carelessly and then light the fire with them. It is better for you to dispose of them now."

The common sensible side of our natures tells us this is all true, and we decide to follow our practical friend's advice. But when we look at the sheets covered with some dear familiar hand-writing our hearts fail us. One by one we pick up the letters, and as we do so, try not to see this tender epithet, that loving word. When we have gathered up a whole armful of them, and start with them toward the glowing grate, we look at them just once for the last time. And then our courage breaks down, and we close our arms passionately around the whole bundle, and the tears come to our eyes, and we exclaim, "They shan't be burned! They are too dear!"

So they are returned to the box whence they were taken—the dear letters from lover, husband, friend, father, mother—and the box is sent up in the attic, and each year it is pushed a little farther back under the eaves, and the paper yellows, the dust settles, the omnipresent mouse gnaws the love-words, and other and newer letters come and take the place of the old ones that are forgotten by her who could not burn them.

Still, if they were once more brought down to the daylight, and the owner were asked to destroy them, she would again refuse.

Business letters and letters from mere acquaintances no sensible person is tempted to keep. Some people are even courageous enough to burn every line that is ever written to them. But, as a rule, a woman remembers that the time may come when the hand that is the dearest on earth to her will be forever stilled, and when the words penned by that hand will be unspeakably dear.

So we end as we begin by asking, "What shall we do with our letters?"

"Harry," said Mrs. Tredway to her husband at the breakfast table, "I am quite out of money, and I want to spend the day shopping. Let me have sixty cents!" "What do you want sixty cents for?" "Ten cents for carfare and fifty cents for luncheon."—*Bazar*.

Gladstone was never popular with Queen Victoria. In one of his controversies with her as premier, he made certain demands in which he said: "You must take this action." "Must! Did you say must?" she angrily retorted; "and do you know, sir, who I am?" "Madam," answered Gladstone coolly, "you are the Queen of England. But do you know who I am? I am the people of England, and in this emergency the people say 'must!'" The "people" prevailed.

A Great Healer.

A Well-known Business Man of Hampton, P.E.I., Speaks thus of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Ewen McKinnon, a well known merchant of Hampton, P.E.I., after using Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Salt Rheum, writes as follows: "I have used Chase's Ointment in those distressing diseases Salt Rheum and Eczema. It has worked a wonderful cure for me, and I take delight in recommending it to all sufferers from these skin torments. I am confident that this word to the afflicted will be taken advantage of, and that much suffering will be spared in the timely use of this great healer."

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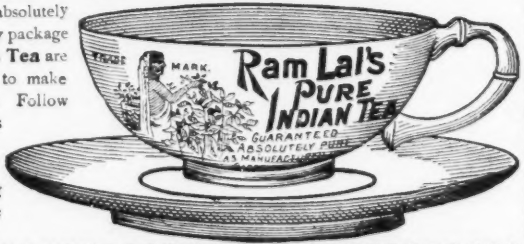
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WORK IN
CANADA

James Esson
PRESTON

What Causes Sunstroke?

Dr. Luigi Sambon asserts, in the *British Medical Journal*, that sunstroke is not due to excessive heat, or to exposure to an unclouded sun, but is an infectious disease caused by a specific organism. Doctor Sambon has not yet succeeded in discovering the alleged germ of the disease, but he thinks he has evidence that it is bred in the superficial layers of the soil in certain low lying regions of the earth, and that it enters the human system through the breathing of dusty air.

Man in water (drowning)—Throw me (puff, puff) a life preserver, quick!
Tape (tailor's assistant, on shore)—Er—er—what is your waist measurement, please, sir?

Sir Henry Irving says:

"Your Abbey's Effervescent Salt is excellent. It has certainly not been over-rated."

Miss Ellen Terry says:

"I have found your Abbey's Effervescent Salt exceedingly palatable and refreshing."

Madame Christine Nilsson says:

"I have much pleasure in stating that I find your Abbey's Effervescent Salt a very refreshing and agreeable beverage."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Acquiring of Modern Languages.

IT has often been printed, said and reported that to learn a language it may be accomplished in an up-to-date fashion—a very brief and limited space of time. Some methods even claim twelve or twenty-four lessons; others, without the aid of a master.

Hundreds have allowed themselves to be inveigled by such bare-faced assertions, without ever pondering over the impossibility of such methods.

Furthermore—and they are by far the most numerous—some think that, provided they are well up in the rules of grammar and can translate at sight, their knowledge shall enable them not only to fathom the intricacies of idioms, but even teach.

They soon find out that their ear cannot grasp the sounds or meaning of foreign words, and no further than such common utterances as "Good day," "How do you," etc., are they able to express, inasmuch as those were thus acquired from their repeated frequency.

The study of a spoken language cannot be based upon the same principles as Greek, Latin or Hebrew, which would make it a waste of time with no practical use.

If anyone under those conditions finds himself brought in contact with foreigners, he will excuse himself for his ignorance by upbraiding the natives for the volubility of their speech. In like manner as a child grows up to its own tongue without grammar, rules, dictionary, or made up and forged conversations, one should hear in mind that only what strikes the ear remains deeply set or rooted on the brain, by a natural process of digestion enabling the child or hearer to repeat, phonograph-like, whatever has been spoken, and with the same tone and inflection of the voice.

Therefore, the only method which is at once rapid, yet sure and certain, though from the start seemingly slow and inadequate, must be based upon the natural order of things, the real process of human nature, and leave aside all complicated and apparent rapidity which could not give enough time for such mental work in the wonderful machinery of the brain.

Hence, hear and hear over again a spoken language and thereby become familiar with its peculiar tone and accentuation, and sure enough shall people be surprised how easily, how deeply, the words which struck the ear shall be retained by the memory; and those same words or expressions shall be repeated with the same accent, the same correctness with which they had been uttered. If we add to this drill, and memorize, read, compare, analyze, it would be a wonder if the student did not readily, without the slightest fatigue and with the greatest possible enjoyment, master in a forcible, sensible and intelligent manner any language he would see fit to acquire.

Add again, that when one has at his command the flexibility of the organs of speech in youth and freshness of memory, the student, unless he be a regular dunc, must, *volens volens*, find it an easy and pleasant task of adding successfully a second, third, or fourth vernacular to his own. Yet, to ensure proper training it must be borne in mind that purity of accent and correctness of language can only be derived from such who themselves possess both, be they foreigners or natives. It must not be forgotten that one language helps another; and no man is a better judge of his own than by the acquisition and study of another.

Once this easy and natural method has been adhered to, then, can the student boldly launch himself into a regular practice of a language, on this condition, however, that grammatical explanations, analyses and the like, be not only attempted, but persevered in just the same as if it were one's own native tongue. The general failure in all schools comes from this strange anomaly of wishing to acquire a foreign language in one's own, under the specious pretext of passing examinations, just as if grammatical questions could not as easily be answered in the language learned, an excuse that does nobody good and is most injurious to the student. As long as a spoken tongue shall be taught like a dead language, we shall have for a result a foreign dialect that can be understood by nobody outside of one's sphere.

EMILE COUTON.

Toronto, June, '98.

"You are trying to introduce a new brand of five-cent cigars, aren't you?" "Yes." "Why don't you go to those fellows who write war bulletins on the big black-boards and see if you can't rent the backs of their coats for advertising purposes?"—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy—Come, Bridget, play with us; we're playing soldier. Bridget—G'wan yez little lmp; O'lain't no soldier. Tommy—No, Bridget, but you're a red cross nurse.—Bazar.

The Drama.



FOR the past year there have been rumors to the effect that Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were to end their long professional association, but no positive verifications could be found. Now, however, it is announced that Ellen Terry has been engaged by Beerbohm Tree to play the part of Constance in his projected production of King John. Mr. Tree has been Irving's most dangerous rival for several years, and his position has been strengthened recently by his production of Julius Caesar, which is said to be still the sensational feature of the London season. This is to be followed by an equally elaborate performance of King John. Sir Henry, on the other hand, has met with a succession of failures since his return from this country. Cymbeline, Mme. Sans-Gêne, and Peter the Great were unsuccessful. It is said that The Medicine Man, his latest novelty, promises to have little permanent prosperity. During the season just ended he has relied chiefly on the revival of the old plays in his repertoire. A prominent New York manager, who is acquainted with Sir Henry Irving's affairs, recently said to a Sun reporter: "It is perfectly well understood in London that the failure of Madame Sans-Gêne was owing to Miss Terry's performance of the role, which was a disappointment to everybody who saw it. There was much the same impression about her acting of Imogen, and there was nothing that she contributed to Peter the Great to lessen the failure of that drama. Madame Sans-Gêne was postponed several times merely because she was not prepared to act the role. Loyalty to their old favorites usually prevents any reference to those matters in London, but it was seen here during the last appearances of Sir Henry and Miss Terry that she was not at her best, and in the older plays was doing very little to increase her popularity. She had grown notoriously indifferent to the texts of parts that she had acted for many years, and her improvisations were frequently remarkable enough to attract the attention of her audiences. She was equally careless about details, and sometimes her costumes were in striking contrast with the standard that was maintained by all other members of the company. This was not so marked in any of the plays as in Charles I., which was acted several times in the last engagement of the company here. Persons who remembered Miss Terry from her earlier visits could still find much in her performances that delighted them. But those who had never seen her before were, at least, disappointed by her indifference to her appearance on the stage and her apparent lack of interest in the performances. All of the plays which Sir Henry has produced within recent years have had to be selected, of course, with a view to her preferences. In Peter the Great her part was very brief, and in the latest play she is said to have but one important scene. While her secession from the Lyceum may prove of greater temporary advantage to Beerbohm Tree, it will make future success easier to Irving in many ways."

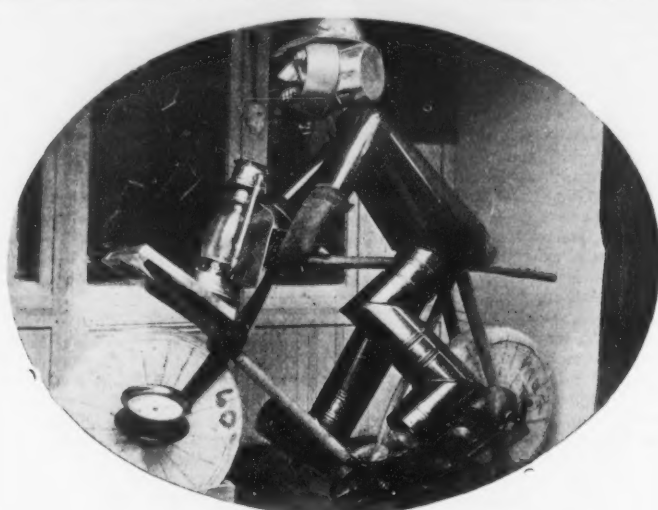
The Beryl Hope Stock Company will put on A Jolly Night next week at the Toronto Opera House.

East Lynne has been revived this week at the Toronto Opera House by the Beryl Hope Stock Company and is drawing very well considering the lateness of the season.

Robert Downing has temporarily forsaken the legitimate and is appearing in vaudeville at Keith's, New York, in the arena scene from The Gladiator, which he has arranged so as to tell an intelligible story to the audience. He has an efficient company of his own, and carries enough special scenery to represent the Roman arena effectively. Faustina and Naodamia are among the speaking characters, and the opposing gladiator is a muscular and active young man.

Sporting Comment.

CHIEF GAME WARDEN TINSLEY has sent out circulars to many of the leading sportsmen asking for their views in regard to the question of hunting deer with dogs, and he will probably receive very contradictory expressions of opinion. Those who reply to Mr. Tinsley will express their own wishes, rather than give him their real opinion of what is best for game and sport. Reports from the north country tell us that deer have not been so plentiful for years as this summer. In their usual haunts they abound, and those who go into the wilds fishing report seeing many of them. The better regulations of the past few years have done a great deal for the deer, and it is to be hoped that no relaxa-



The Scorcher.

This ingenious creation interests visitors to Penetanguishene, it being displayed in the shop window of M. A. Gendron, hardware merchant of that town. T. J. Bald, foreman for Mr. Gendron, put this interesting chap together.

tion of these regulations is yet contemplated. Every lumber camp up north used to have a hunter out shooting deer and supplying the camps with venison, these men slaughtering deer in the most shameful fashion. There is a story of a game-warden visiting one camp in search of venison and finding none, while if he had gone behind a little hill near the camp he would have found no less than sixty deer strung up. But the camps no longer employ regular hunters, and while the deer are still made to supply fresh meat to the camps they are not killed so wantonly as at one time. The deer are now increasing in numbers, and rapidly, and it is interesting to note that the settler ascribes this to the stricter regulations imposed upon sporting clubs, while the sportsmen attribute it to the fact that the lumber camps are fewer and under closer inspection than formerly. However, it would be a foolish pretense to say that the game laws are observed with much fidelity—dogs are used, deer are killed in the water, individuals shoot not only two but ten and fifteen deer. Sportsmen who do not pursue wounded deer in the water, see settlers take after and slay them, or they find the deer dead later on, where they have dropped on succumbing to their wounds. That the deer are increasing rapidly in the North may not be so largely due to the regulations as to the decrease of the lumber-camps and the driving back or extermination of the wolves, which, after all, have been and are the greatest enemy of deer.

The provincial C. W. A. meet at Peterboro' on July 1 and 2 will draw a very large crowd of people to that city. We are informed that Peterboro' is making great preparations for the event, as are the irrepressible fun-makers of the C. W. A.

The most interesting cricket event in Toronto of late was the game Toronto-Rosedale vs. Woodbine on Saturday last, when Mr. P. C. Goldingham, playing for the Woodbine team against his usual associates, went first to bat and carried his willow all the way through for 73 not out, and then bowled so effectively that Woodbine won a decided victory. One of the best bats of the season, so far, is Mr. A. G. Chambers of Parkdale, who has a batting average of about 30 and is hitting all around the wicket with a precision and force that he did not give promise of even last year, when his form won for him a place in the International match.

As there seems to be some doubt about the Canada vs. United States match coming off this year, it may be decided by the Association to pull off not only an inter-provincial match, Ontario vs. Quebec, but also to revive the Ontario East vs. West match, which was once so popular an event. Toronto and the East used to play Hamilton and the West—thus the line was drawn and a keen contest resulted. The last match was played, I think, in Hamilton and resulted in a victory for the West.

The Clinton Cricket Club, finding much difficulty in arranging local games, is thinking of coming to Toronto for three days' play early next month. There is no trip more satisfactory to cricketers than one of this kind.

Public knowledge of the old and dis-



Hero and Leander

Around the Camp-Fire

A Few Fish Stories.

OUNGING around the camp-fire we began telling fish stories. "Down in our town," said One, "we have an undertaker who sometimes goes fishing. He is a very solemn-looking man—has to be, because he never knows when he may turn a corner and meet a sorrowing relative—but he is very droll, quiet and slow of speech. We went to a river mouth on Lake Ontario one day last summer to fish and he got a terrific bite. He had a pole, not a rod, and yanked up so suddenly that his line broke. While he was putting on a new hook I caught a big shad—yes, a shad; there are some of 'em there, wherever they came from, and big ones, too—and I played him around until he was tired, and landed him. 'Isn't he a beauty?' said the undertaker. 'You can just bet that I'll play my next one—no yanking him up like as if he was a perch.' We began fishing again and presently he said, 'I've got him,' and he began to play him elaborately. I retired from business to help if need be, and noticed that the fish didn't play with any great degree of friskiness, but the undertaker led him north and then south, and gradually worked him around until with an impatient pull he brought him to the top, and up came a snapping-turtle as big as a pail. That old snapper was in having a bath and he didn't need to have bugged from the bottom, only that I guess he was curious to see what it was all about. We had to cut the line to get him off. The undertaker doesn't play his fish any more."

"That reminds me," said Two, "of an Englishman who was going to show a lot



of us how to catch fish one night. He had fished in big waters and rather despised anything we had to offer in the way of fishing. We were catching perch and pike, and he put his line in between us and presently hauled up an eel about four feet long. When it began to yield itself up out of the water his eyes nearly jumped out of his head and he yelled, 'A snake—it's a snake,' and holding up his pole he ran backwards. 'Take it off, take it off,' he shouted, and just then tripped backwards over a log and the writhing eel fell down fair on his face and body. The way he waved his arms and legs and shouted while we were helpless with laughter was dead funny. When he got free at last he went off declaring that he wouldn't fish in a blooming snake-hole."

"Well," said Three, "I haven't much of a fish story, yet if you go to our town and hunt up a very deaf old gentleman I fancy he can tell you of a very remarkable occurrence. He is quite deaf, but an ardent fisherman. One evening he was down at the lake and it was as smooth as glass. He sat on a rock with his line out and an immense red and blue float as big as your fist sitting opposite to him on the water. Two of the boys came along and one of them shouted at him, but he couldn't hear anything. The other was a crack rifle-shot and had his pet .32-calibre gun with him. 'Hold on,' he said, 'let's get behind this bush,' and then he took careful aim at that float, knocked it all to pieces, and dropped out of sight behind the underbrush to await developments. Well, sir, you should have seen that old gentleman. He drew up his line promptly and examined the little bit of wire and wood that remained of his gorgeous float; then pulled in his hook and peered at the bait; slipped the line through his fingers until he got to the wrecked float again, which he examined critically. He found no clue to the mysterious explosion of his float, and so he turned and looked about him on all sides, but saw no signs of any other presence but his own. He even looked at the sky, and poked cautiously in the water with the end of his pole, but nothing happened. Then he took out a handkerchief, removed his hat, and rubbed his head thoughtfully, gazing anxiously into the smooth waters, and finally, with many headshakes, wound up his rod and line and trudged along the beach and over the hill towards home. The practical jokers then came out and rolled on the ground with laughter. Yes, I'd like to hear the old gentleman's side of that story."

"It would be useless for me to try to cap that," said Four, "but I'll tell you of a little thing that occurred to myself near Parry Sound. I caught a rock-bass and decided to use it for bait. My boat was pulled up against a flat rock and I killed the fish (or thought I did) by knocking it against the edge of the boat, and used its tail for bait, throwing the fish into a little pool that had formed in a hollow of the flat rock. I caught a couple of rock-bass with the bait, and deciding that no better fish could be had there, I turned around to row off when I saw Mr. Rock Bass trying to swim without a tail. After watching him for a moment I swung my line around and dangled his own tail before his nose, and that rock-bass just

grabbed it like lightning, and I hauled him up again—caught on a hook baited with his own tail. This is absolutely true, and no person who is familiar with rock-bass will doubt it."

Although the truth of the story was not disputed, it was decided, without a dissenting voice, to bank the camp-fire and retire to the tents for the night.

On the Links.

THE Rosedale links looked very gay last Saturday with twenty-four jolly, scarlet-coated fellows dotted over it, and as many active little caddies bringing up the rear. Thehome club and the Rosedale were again matching their skill. The result was a rather easy

victory for the Rosedale, who came in eighteen holes up. There was nothing very special about the match otherwise. The players were all fairly evenly matched, except Hood of the Rosedale, whose scorecard showed his opponent ten holes down; Kirk (Rosedale) who was seven up on Law, and Wright, also of the winning team, who was four up on McKenzie. Lyon, the star of the Rosedale, was one up on his rival, Kerr, and Morse (Rosedale) came in four to the good against Masten. The total gave eleven to Toronto and twenty-nine to the Rosedale. A pretty satisfactory victory for the home team! In recognition of their skill and to celebrate his own elation, the president of the Rosedale Golf Club, Mr. McLaughlin, is dining the victorious twelve at the club house this evening. He has also organized another rather novel match, which will show to some little extent how much luck there is in golf. The winners in the late Rosedale-Toronto match will play the losers—that is, Lyon, Kirk, Hood, Morse, McDonald and Wright of the R.G.C., who were up, will play Brown, Bailey, Strath, Muntz, Robin and Moss, R.G.C., who were down. The winners will dine royally at his expense at the club house, and so much confidence has the popular president in the "ups and downs" of the game, that he fully expects the losers in the first match to vindicate their tarnished fame and come in winners in the second. In that event his dinner will include all the Rosedale team who played against the Torontos last Saturday.

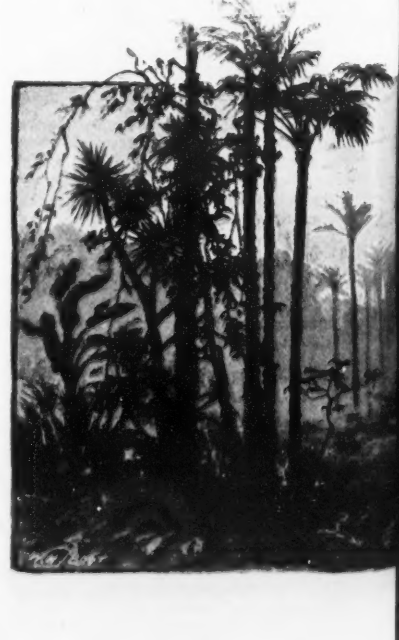
So far this season there have not been very many foursums played on either, or any, of the local links. A rather interesting one came off last Saturday after the Rosedale-Toronto match. As arranged, it was to have been a return match between Archie Kerr and Stewart Gordon against George Lyon and Vere Brown (winners in the last match). Gordon, however, was unable to play, and the sides took a jog. Vere Brown joined forces with Archie Kerr and challenged Lyon and Ritchie. The match was a pretty one, ending in Ritchie and Lyon winning by only one hole on the first round of eighteen, and five up on the second. A third round was commenced, but not finished.

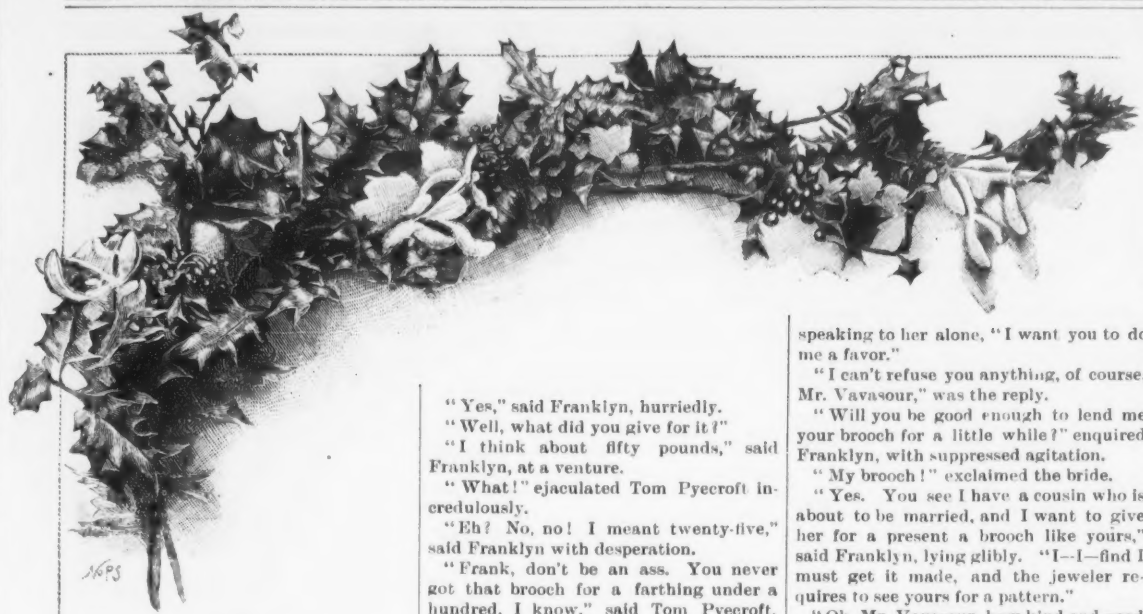
Last Wednesday afternoon sixteen members of the Rosedale ladies' club gathered in the long field to compete for two pretty prizes offered jointly by the captain, Miss Rose Davidson, and the secretary, Miss Holmstead. The event was an approach and putting match at sixty yards, (the ball having to be lofted over a net), forty yards straight, and twenty yards. Miss Harriet Scott and Mrs. Dick tied for first place. A deciding round gave the victory to Miss Scott, nine strokes for the three holes. The first she did in three, the second (40 yds.) in two, and the third in four. Mrs. Dick came second, doing it in eleven.

What it is to know what you are talking about! In a recently reported match we find that one of the players carried only three "sticks," and that at the third and fourth "link" the score was tie! The report does not say who won the rest of the "links."

HAZARD.

Miss Ann Throp—I can't understand how Cholly can see better with a glass for one eye. Mr. Sharpe—Well, you see, it affords him mental rest. His brain is too delicate to grapple with two impressions of anything at once.—Jewellers Weekly.





A Costly Gift.

Queer Story from "Truth."

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—Franklyn Vavasour, a fashionable man, but a miser, found it necessary to give a wedding present, and while riding in a cab found a diamond brooch sticking in one of the cushions. He gave this as a present to the bride. A few evenings later the cabman came to his door and said the police would not believe him when he said that he had carried another passenger after he had driven home the lady who had lost the brooch, and he asked Vavasour to come forward and corroborate his statement. Vavasour tried to bribe the man, but seeing that this implied his own guilt gave the man his card to give to the police. An officer came and interviewed Vavasour and went away satisfied, but leaving that person in an uneasy frame of mind.

PART II.

FRANKLYN VAVASOUR did not sleep very soundly that night, notwithstanding his relief at the satisfactory termination of his interview with the police inspector. He was much troubled in his mind, by the idea of having incurred the penalty of "six months' hard." He broke into a cold perspiration at the prospect, and registered a vow that he would never be such a fool as to give another wedding present. But it was obviously useless to worry himself, and he endeavored to dismiss the subject from his mind. One day, however, he had an unpleasant reminder in the shape of a question from Tom Pycroft. The old gentleman came up to him in the "House," and said with some excitement:

"Frank, my boy, do you mind telling me how much you gave for my daughter's wedding present?"

"Do you mean the—the brooch?" said Franklyn uneasily.

"Yes; I don't ask from curiosity."

"Why do you wish to know, then?" Franklyn naturally enquired.

"Well, the fact is, it is lost, and I want to declare its value."

"Lost!" repeated Franklyn.

"Yes, or stolen. It was in my daughter's handbag with other things."

"Did this happen abroad?" enquired Franklyn.

"No. On the railway coming from Dover to London."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"Good gracious! Then has your daughter come back to England?" exclaimed Franklyn, agitated.

"Yes. Didn't I tell you my son-in-law got a chance of exchanging into a home battalion that is stationed at Hounslow? Lucky chap, isn't he?"

"Very," murmured Franklyn, with his heart in his boots. "Then your daughter will live at Hounslow?"

"Not yet. The young beggar has managed to get six months' leave of absence, so they have taken a furnished house in town, near us."

"The deuce!" ejaculated Franklyn, blankly.

"Hallo! What is the matter?" inquired Tom Pycroft, staring at him.

"Nothing! nothing!" said Franklyn, hastily recovering himself. "You say the brooch is lost," he added with a gleam of hope.

"I hope not. However, the valise has gone astray. You didn't answer my question, old chap."

"About the—"

"The value of the brooch. What did it cost?" said Tom Pycroft, impatiently.

"Oh! 'Pon my word, I don't remember," returned Franklyn; having, in fact, not the slightest idea of the cost price of such an article.

"Bosh! You don't buy a present like that every day of your life, Frank. Came from the United Stores, didn't it?"

speaking to her alone, "I want you to do me a favor."

"I can't refuse you anything, of course, Mr. Vavasour," was the reply.

"Will you be good enough to lend me your brooch for a little while?" enquired Franklyn, with suppressed agitation.

"My brooch!" exclaimed the bride.

"Yes. You see I have a cousin who is about to be married, and I want to give her for a present a brooch like yours," said Franklyn, lying glibly. "I—I—find I must get it made, and the jeweler requires to see yours for a pattern."

"Oh, Mr. Vavasour, how kind and good you are," exclaimed the bride, rapturously. "Why, of course I'll lend it to you with the greatest pleasure."

In fact little Mrs. Rosslyn was eager to oblige him, and at the end of the evening Franklyn took his departure, with the brooch snugly tucked away in his pocket.

He did not hesitate an instant as to what he should do with it. He was absolutely panic-stricken by the coincidence revealed by the clergyman's story, and he had at once decided that the owner of the brooch must have it back again without delay.

This was the only sure way of averting the danger of detection, and he felt that he could not rest until restitution had been made.

He therefore hurried home, and carefully wrapping the brooch in paper, enclosed it in an envelope addressed in a disguised hand to the Manager of the Lost Property Department of Scotland Yard, and finally posted his letter in a distant quarter of the town from that in which he resided.

Though his action was due to nothing higher than the instinct of self-preservation, Franklyn felt quite virtuous as he turned his steps homeward, and the delicious sense of freedom from responsibility, now that he had despatched the accursed thing into the hands of the police, made him entirely oblivious for the moment of the awkward fact that he had to reckon with little Mrs. Rosslyn about her wedding present.

Franklyn's first step in this direction was to go, in a half-hearted manner, to the United Stores, to enquire the cost of a brooch similar to the eventful one which he had now parted with for ever.

The price asked completely took his breath away, and Franklyn honestly considered that it would be quite wicked to spend such a sum on a mere gew-gaw. Still he could hardly expect Mrs. Rosslyn to be satisfied with this excuse; indeed, it was not a question of excuses at all, what he had to do was simply to return the brooch which he had borrowed. But how was he to do this when he had sent away the ornament and could not bring himself to replace it?

At length he was driven—for want of an alternative plan—to the lame expedient of pretending he had lost the brooch. One thing he was firmly and heroically determined about, and that was that he would not be weak enough to offer to replace the brooch. He counted, moreover, on Tom Pycroft's unqualified sympathy, and hoped he might so work upon Tom's feelings—especially after lunch—as to induce him to pay for a new brooch for his daughter himself!

Franklyn felt that this would be a masterpiece of diplomacy if he could only accomplish it, and he anxiously watched for an opportunity. Unfortunately, he was a little hurried by a letter from Mrs. Rosslyn, who wrote one day to ask him to let her have her brooch back that evening, as she wished to wear it at a ball. He, therefore, had to seek out Tom Pycroft at once, which he did after the luncheon hour, but, though the old gentleman's face looked like a rising sun in splendor, he was rather disappointingly sober.

"Tom, I've had a great misfortune," said Franklyn, drawing him aside, speaking with due solemnity.

"Have you, my boy? So have I," said Tom Pycroft rather testily. "The Chateau Larose was off color, bouquet quite gone."

"H'm! Mine is a more serious mishap," said Franklyn, looking very depressed.

"Your daughter has written for her brooch."

"Ah! I think it is about time she had it back," returned Tom Pycroft, who, to Franklyn's dismay, seemed unusually snappish.

"Yes. I borrowed it to—for a purpose. But I've had a sad accident, old friend. I—I've lost it," said Franklyn with a gulp. "Lost it, eh?" exclaimed Tom Pycroft, glancing up at Franklyn with a slightly wandering gaze. "Well, that is rum, too!"

"What is rum? I—I was bringing it home from the jeweler, in my coat-tail pocket, when I was robbed—or lost it; I don't, of course, know which. Anyhow, it had disappeared when I reached home," said Franklyn eagerly.

"You remember the story the parson was telling at my table," said Tom Pycroft abruptly, "about the party who lost a brooch?"

"Yes," said Franklyn, with a start.

"My daughter met her the other day; she was wearing it," replied Tom Pycroft.

"What—the—the," began Franklyn, frightened out of his wits, and wondering what Tom was driving at.

"The brooch that was lost. Parson introduced my daughter to the old girl. The lost brooch had turned up mysteriously and unexpectedly; sent by an unknown hand to Scotland Yard, after a long interval. Odd, wasn't it?" said Tom Pycroft, with a glance and a grin which made Franklyn shiver.

"It was lucky," replied Franklyn, as composedly as he could, though he turned uncomfortably red. "What am I to do?"

"You don't mean to say, honor bright, that you've lost Bella's brooch," said Tom Pycroft incredulously.

"Honor bright," exclaimed Franklyn, unable to decide whether the old gentleman's apparent dullness of comprehension was real or assumed.

"Oh, rot!" ejaculated Tom Pycroft, with sudden energy.

"It's quite true," answered Franklyn. "I've been to the police and done everything I can, but without result. It was evidently stolen," he added, not very convincingly, for every moment he became more nervous and flustered.

"It's devilish queer," said Tom Pycroft at length, speaking with strange deliberation. "I'm very sorry, Frank."

"Of course I shall have to buy your daughter another brooch," replied Franklyn, quickly, impelled by a dreadful fear that the old gentleman suspected the truth.

"There is no time like the present," rejoined Tom Pycroft, with a coarse laugh. "I'll come with you. The United Stores, wasn't it?"

To Franklyn's guilty conscience it seemed evident that he was found out, or, at least, that the old gentleman was bent upon investigating the matter. The mention of the United Stores completed his discomfiture, and he said tremulously:

"It is no good going to the Stores, I've been there. They have nothing of the same pattern."

"Oh," said Tom Pycroft, shortly.

"No, but we will go to Lazarus's in Bond Street," said Franklyn, driven to desperation by his companion's imperturbable aspect. "We'll take a cab at once."

"All right. Don't forget your cheque-book, Frank," laughed Tom Pycroft.

Franklyn had no time to consider what he was doing. Impelled by a frenzied dread of detection, he blindly sallied forth in a desperate frame of mind and accompanied Tom Pycroft to the jeweler's.

Lazarus's was not a cheap shop; indeed, if Franklyn had had his wits about him he would never have suggested going there, and it happened that the jeweler had not, among his stock, a diamond brooch of the same size as Franklyn was seeking, but only larger and handsomer ones. But with Tom Pycroft standing by, chuckling over his discomfiture as he undoubtedly was, Franklyn could not pluck up spirit to leave the shop, or even to attempt to haggle about the price. His only desire was to get through with the wretched business, so as to be free to rush away and drown himself; and he, therefore, bought and paid for a new diamond brooch like a person in a nightmare.

"Better give it to me to take charge of," Franklyn said to Tom Pycroft, as they quitted the shop; "you might lose it, you know. Ha! ha! ha!"

Franklyn was too utterly crushed and dispirited to resent even this brutal allusion. He handed over the brooch meekly, and retired to his chambers to brood in secret tribulation over what had occurred.

The sensations of a patient while undergoing torture at the hands of a dentist were hardly more piteous than those of Franklyn Vavasour, as he thought of this awful expenditure. It was the worst catastrophe that had ever happened to him, and it touched him on his tenderest point. He literally lay awake all that night, writhing with vexation and rage; and it may safely be averred that the death of his nearest relative would have affected him considerably less. The one solitary gleam of consolation which penetrated the gloom of his misery was the

thought that he had rehabilitated himself in the eyes of Tom Pycroft. His exaggerated notions of the sacrifice he had made rendered it impossible, to his mind, that the old gentleman could still suspect him. It only needed the prospect of losing Tom Pycroft's business patronage to fill his cup of bitterness to overflowing.

On this point, however, he had no misgivings, and he did not doubt that Tom Pycroft must feel that he had behaved handsomely. When, therefore, he was boisterously greeted by the old gentleman in the "House" the next day he unconsciously assumed an air of deprecating modesty.

"Hallo, Frank! you look precious yellow about the gills," was Tom Pycroft's breezy salutation.

"I hope Mrs. Rosslyn liked her brooch," said Franklyn gravely.

"Of course she did. I told her what it cost," replied Tom Pycroft, with a peculiar grin. "By Jove, Frank, you've been going it lately. That makes the third diamond brooch you've bought in a month."

"The third?" repeated Franklyn, rather bewildered.

"Why, yes. The one that was lost, the one we got yesterday, and the one you had made for your cousin," said Tom Pycroft.

"Oh, yes! I forgot my cousin," said Franklyn, regarding his companion with vague uneasiness.

"But you gave her the present you intended, I suppose?" said Tom Pycroft.

"Oh, certainly," said Franklyn, suddenly remembering the excuse he had made for borrowing the brooch from Mrs. Rosslyn.

"Well, that makes three, doesn't it?" persisted Tom Pycroft.

"Three, yes," said Franklyn.

Tom Pycroft burst into a loud, vulgar, coarse laugh, which made Franklyn's blood curdle.

"By Jove, Frank," he said, with abrupt indignation, "you're a real first-class liar."

"Mr. Pycroft!"

"Don't 'Mr.' me. You're a liar, Frank, and you know it, and a good many other fellows shall know it, too, before the day is out. You never bought but one brooch, and that I made you get yesterday. I wasn't going to have my daughter done out of her present by a mean, dirty trick," said Tom Pycroft, scornfully.

"I really don't understand you," returned Franklyn, with all the spirit he could muster, though his knees trembled.

"Oh, yes, you do. You found the first brooch you gave my daughter. It belonged to Miss Biggs of Portman Street, who lost it in a cab. Then you got in a funk and made a pretense of borrowing it from Bella in order to restore it to the owner. You sent it to the police with a note in a disguised hand."

"Really, Mr. Pycroft," began Franklyn, with a poor attempt at bluster, "I wonder—"

"You wonder how I found you out, eh?" cried Tom Pycroft, catching him up. "You told me yourself."

"I never—"

"Oh, no; not in words. But I could see by your manner yesterday that you had been up to some dirty trick or other," roared Tom Pycroft, who was working himself into a white heat of indignation, to Franklyn's great alarm. "Putting two and two together, it occurred to me to call on Miss Biggs and ask to see the note which accompanied her brooch when it was sent to Scotland Yard. I recognized your writing in spite of the disguised hand, and I recognized the brooch."

"Suppose I deny it," murmured Franklyn, though he felt it would be quite useless.

"If you do, I'll knock your head off," exclaimed the old gentleman with sudden fierceness and looking uncommonly like suiting his actions to his words.

"I—I was only joking," returned Franklyn, considerably startled by this demonstration, which Tom Pycroft—a noted bruiser in his day—was quite capable of carrying into practical effect. "Indeed, the whole affair was a joke."

"A joke!" echoed the old gentleman indignantly. "A nice kind of joke it would have been for my daughter if Miss Biggs had recognized the brooch when she was wearing it! It was stolen property, you—you thief!"

"Mr. Pycroft, I can't stand any more of this," began Franklyn, wincing.

"That is unfortunate for you, because you'll hear a good deal more about it. You were right, perhaps, in saying it was a joke. The 'House' will appreciate it, I can tell you," said Tom Pycroft, turning away with a mischievous grin.

"Stay!" cried Franklyn with a start.

"Well?"

"You—you surely are not going to tell?" exclaimed Franklyn anxiously.

"Everyone," said Tom Pycroft with unmistakable emphasis.

Franklyn realized only too well the ominous significance of this threat. Not many men would care to encounter the boisterous badinage of the Stock Exchange, especially when guilty of some equivocal act. Franklyn was at heart a terrible coward, both physically and morally, and he trembled at the thought of the opprobrious treatment he would receive. Already he beheld himself in imagination surrounded by a howling mob of his colleagues, who would join hands in a circle, and dance, and jibe, and sing ribald songs at him. Tom Pycroft was a prime inciter and organizer of such Stock Exchange amenities, and could render his life a burden to him. Above all, Franklyn was really ashamed, now that he had been found out, of what he had done, and he dreaded publicity, both on general and on business grounds. He therefore hastily decided that Tom Pycroft must be induced to keep his secret at any cost.

"Look here, Tom," he said, very white and tremulous, "I've made a fool of myself, but don't be too hard on me, old man. If you'll hold your tongue I'll give you a subscription to the Benevolent Fund."

"H'm!" grunted Tom Pycroft. "I'm a steward at the dinner to-night."

"I know; that is why I thought if I put my name down on your list, we might come to an arrangement," said Franklyn eagerly.

"I tell you what, Frank," said Tom Pycroft, who was honestly enthusiastic in the cause of charity, and was evidently mollified by the suggestion, "if you'll give something handsome, something that will remind you not to make such a fool of yourself again," he added significantly, "we may do business. You've never given anything to the Fund yet—suppose we say five hundred—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" gasped Franklyn.

"Guineas," said Tom Pycroft sharply, with a warning glance. "You'll find it cheaper in the end."

"Five hundred guineas," murmured Franklyn, nearly fainting.

"Is it a bargain—Yes or No?" enquired Tom Pycroft, making a move.

"Yes," said Franklyn, in a low tone, looking very white about the lips.

Nobody ever knew the reason of Franklyn Vavasour's unexpected munificence; but whenever he was commended or congratulated upon it, he was observed to wince; perhaps because, in spite of it, Tom Pycroft never did business with him afterwards.

According to His Folly.

Youth's Companion.

"Not long ago," the engineer said, "in building a road I had to put a stream underground for some little distance, and in doing so I naturally used the least amount of material by straightening the course of the stream. I had a gang foreman who was much troubled by this."

"Now look here," he said, "rain't in the nature of water to run straight. Did you ever see a stream of water in nature, big or little, that went straight? Don't water always go crooked if you leave it to itself?"

"Then," said I, "do you think we ought to lay down these drain-pipes a little zig-zag, like a crooked rail fence?"

"Just a little that way, to humor the nature of the water," said he.

"Perhaps so," said I. "But now see here—there's a difficulty right off about that."

"What is it?"

"Suppose I crook this length of drain-pipe this way: how do I know that the water wants to run that way right here? Perhaps this is just the spot where the water wants to run the other way. That would make trouble, wouldn't it?"

"The foreman scratched his head. 'Wal,' said he, 'I do know but 'twould. I hadn't thought of that.'

"And he concluded that inasmuch as we could not always tell which way the water wanted to 'meander,' it might, after all, be best to make our water courses straight and let the water make the best of them it could. If I had contradicted the man and laughed at him I should have made an enemy and an opponent of him."

Canada: Colony, Nation and Empire.

In the *United Services Magazine*, a writer who adopts the pseudonym "Augescat," discusses the "greatness of Canada." Here are some of his points:

"Of all English-speaking communities, Britain excepted, Canada has bent to progressive influences the least. This is not to say she is wanting in energy or enterprise—her later history is proof to the contrary—but she has steadily rejected those fallacies of democratic origin which are making her neighbors across the border a terrible example to the nations. Her position in the British Empire is unique, as it is in time and in the world. She is at once a colony, a nation and an empire."

"Though there are many elements in the Canadian population, they are all admirable. When time has moulded them into a national whole, a noble type will have been evolved, such as we see on this side the water from a similar mixture of races." And again, "As Sir George Cartier once truly said, 'Canada is the right arm of England.' Since Confederation her career has been entirely moulded by her Imperialism, and it is from her that most of the motive-power towards Federation has come."

"Next to being north of the silver streak," concludes Augescat, "one would desire to be born west of the greater silver streak in the Dominion of Canada."

Mike—'Tis twins, Pat; wan bhoys an' wan gurrl. His brother—Begorra, thin, an' Oi an' uncle or an' aunt, Oi dunno!—Puck.

She—They must sell quite a quantity of liquid refreshments here! He—Oh, yes! Roof gardens couldn't flourish without irrigation.—Puck.

Solomon—The stage of to-day shows humanity in the worst possible light. Leviticus—Yes; the calculus is pretty hard on the older ones.—Chicago Evening Post.



EH!



AH!!



OW!!!

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, July 5; Lahn, July 12;
Kaiser Friedrich, July 19; Trave, July 26;
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, largest and fastest
ship in the world.

First saloon, \$100; second saloon, \$50 upward.
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Koenigin Luise, July 7; Pr. Reg. Luise, July 28;
Bremen, July 11; Friedr. der Grosse, July 28.

MEDITERRANEAN Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa
Kaiser Wm. II., July 9; Ems, July 23; Aller,
August 6; Kaiser Wm. II., August 20; Fulda,
Sept. 3.

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July 7—Koenigin Luise, 1st, \$75.00; 2nd, \$42.50

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sion parties. Tickets at all principal agents,

all T. R. offices and head office on wharf.

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Anecdotal.

This golf story is current in London:
Scene—Well known links beyond the
Tweed. London golfer to local caddy:
"How far off is the next hole?" "Oh, it's
nae vera far, about a hunder yards. Ye
see you whin bush beside you wee bit
hillock? Weel, the green's just over on
theither side o't." "Oh, I see; it's only a
short drive and then a putt." "That's just
what the fowk hereabout talk." Caddy
golfer tees his ball, drives and tops it,
sending it barely a dozen yards. Caddy:
"Now, sir, for a h— o' a put."

The tender affection of Mrs. Gladstone
for the dead statesman was characterized by
implicit faith and reverent devotion. An
English bishop was a guest at Hawarden
Castle, and joined in a conversation with
Mrs. Gladstone and others concerning
the Armenian atrocities. "There is one
above who knows," piously concluded the
bishop. "Yes," replied Mrs. Gladstone;
"he'll be down in a minute or two. He's
upstairs washing his hands just now."

A clergyman preached a rather long
sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed
in the balance and found wanting." After
the congregation had listened about an
hour, some began to get weary and went
out; others soon followed, greatly to the
annoyance of the minister. Another per-
son started, whereupon the parson stopped
his sermon and said: "That is right, gen-
tlemen; as fast as you are weighed pass
out!" He continued his sermon some
time after that, but no one disturbed him
by leaving.

Captain Clark of the Oregon was talking
with an old sailor about the service, and
asked by way of a joke whether he would
prefer to have all the sailors made marines
or all the marines sailors. The old salt
looked hard at the Captain. "Look here,
Captain," said he, "do anything but turn

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us into them amphibious soldiers." The
Captain appeared to disregard the com-
position of the word, but presently asked
Jack, "What do you mean by 'amphibious
soldiers?'" "Wot I mean is," said
Jack, "them soldiers wot can't live on the
sea and allers dies on the land."

Dr. Verbeck, the eminent missionary,
whose death was announced recently,
possessed a keen sense of humor. On
one occasion, after he had lived in Japan
for thirty years, he was waiting for a
train, when a student, who had been
eying him for some time, concluded he
would patronize this innocent alien, and
air his English. With that superb assur-
ance which is the unfailing endowment of
Japanese schoolboys, this eighteen-year-
old colt swaggered near and shouted,
"When do you come to our country?"
Dr. Verbeck adjusted his benevolent spec-
tacles, and, after a calm survey, responded
in choice vernacular, "A few years before
you did, sir." After which the student
retired.

Charles V. of France was surnamed
"The Wise," but it is due to his mistake,
obstinately persisted in, that the hour of
four is represented on the dial of a watch
or a clock by IIII instead of IV. When
the first clock to keep accurate time was
made it was carried to Charles V. of
France by its maker, Henry Vick. The
king looked at it and said: "Yes, it
works well, but you have got the figures
on the dial wrong." "I think not, your
majesty," said Vick. "Yes, that four
should be four ones." "Surely not, your
majesty," protested the clockmaker.
"Yes, it should be four ones," persisted
the king. "You are wrong, your majesty."
"I am never wrong," answered the king
in anger. "Take it away and correct the
mistake." The clockmaker did as he was
commanded, and so we have IIII instead
of IV on the dials of our clocks.

A Toronto Philanthropist.

The Bishop's Beautiful Dream.

THE other day a couple of
women laid a new grievance
on my plate for luncheon.
We were discussing the af-
fairs of the day over that
informal meal, when mamma
suddenly said, "We've never discussed
the servant question because you are not
interested, but really a new development
has come to my notice which I want you
to write about. The other day a man rang
my bell, and on my maid answering the
door he asked, 'Are you in service here?'
at the same time producing a note-book.
The maid is courteous and has due respect
for census-takers, aldermanic candidates
and such like persons, who for peculiar
questions at her from the doorstep, so she
informed him she was. 'What work do
you do?' enquired the man. She told
him. 'And what wages do you get?'
After a moment's hesitation, induced as
she told me by a notion that this question
also concerned myself, she told him that
also. 'Not enough for the work you do,'
said the man warmly. 'Now, you give
me your name and I'll get you a place at
the same wages and much less work, or at
the same work and two dollars a month
more wages.' 'Who are you?' my maid
enquired with mistrust. 'I'm the director
of the — newspaper Servants' Agency,'
said he, 'and you'll be all right. You are
underpaid here and I'd like to get you a
better place.' The girl declined to give
her name, and came straight to me with
her story. Now, Lady Gay, don't you
think we housekeepers have enough to
contend against without this? I certainly
agreed with mamma, and if her
maid's story be correct the philanthropic
efforts of the agent concerned should be
met with a mop.

One reads in the yellow covered book
which the house-keeper keeps under her
pillow, that "every dream means some-
thing." So that if one dreams of nice
one must leave one's cash in the bank or
take it out and inevitably lose it, and so on.
The dreamer of dreams is not the
idol of the mob to any great and enlight-
ening extent. Eleven to one, since the days
of Jacob they are apt to say, "Here is
this dreamer. Come, let us kill him!"
And yet sometimes it is the dreamer who
sees clearest and knows the hap of the
future. And there is no inspiration so
subtle and so strong as a beautiful dream.
It makes a young man give up cigars,
drinks and luxuries more or less hurtful,
while it whispers of a little home well
filled and a little wife well willed. It
nerves the student to toil unceasingly that
the welkin may ring with encores, and
the leader of the orchestra may hand up
a yard of roses to the hero or the heroine
of one golden moment. It fills the heart and
the head, and makes the real things, as the
world calls them, take a lower place. Some-
times a beautiful dream is for the good of the
world at large, and it needs the co-operation
of the world to ensure its fulfillment.
Sometimes the co-operation of the world
comes when the dreamer of the dream has
well-nigh smashed his ideal. Such a
dream has been brought often to our
notice in Toronto during the last decade;
only, in this age of unrest and striving
we are dull to notice what it means. The
yellow book under the house-maid's pillow
does not interpret a dream like it. But
the interpretation is the result of expe-
rience with some of us. One has seen
such a dream realized now and then.

The beautiful dream is of a cathedral,
graceful, inspiring, magnificent, rising in
the midst of the new city growing up in
the north-west part of Toronto, with fairy
pinnacles and soaring spire, with delicate
carvings in stone, and glowing floods of
light through many-hued windows, such a
dream as would naturally enthral the
soul of a man like Arthur Toronto. Do
you know what this dream would mean
to all of us, you who think? Were you
ever at Antwerp, and if so what do you
remember first and foremost?—a beautiful
church! Were you ever in smelly Cologne?
What is it that you revelled in of beauty
there—a dream of cream-white stone, a

beautiful church! Touring through Ire-
land, was your intensest moment not
when you saw at sunset that fairy scene,
Holy Cross Abbey? Or when you climbed
grim Cashel's rock, and stood in the small
chamber where Ireland's mighty kings of
long ago put on their crowns for the first
time? Even our sordid little wooden
churches have an atmosphere of peace
and rest for us; what would be the mighty
influence of The Dream over Toronto's
citizens? Don't say "Havers," you canny,
unresponsive Scots; nor "Rubbish," you
money-makers who wield the muck-rake;
nor "Nonsense," you idle, careless, light-
headed folks. It is a beautiful dream,
which may the kind fates decree a reality.
May the Bishop's Dream come true; may
St. Alban's in the goose-pasture yet reign
in holy loveliness two hundred and twenty-
five feet long!

In the meantime, and lacking the
greater inspiration, I wish the smaller
forces could be properly encouraged. It
grieves me every day to see the dusty,
sandy boulevards, wherein youngsters on
my street have been digging with sea-
beach shovels, the dried grass, and the
trees forlorn about their lower limbs
where boys and girls have sprung up and
stripped off their foliage. Do they teach
the gospel of greenery in our schools, or
do blue-stockings monopolize the coloring
matter? If one speaks to a boy who is
thrashing the fans off a horse-chestnut, or
garnering handfuls of the Maple Leaf For-
ever, he regards one with a hard stare and
enquires superciliously, "Is it your tree?"
And that's all you get. I have heard a
certain schoolteacher do some sensible
talking to a class upon these matters, and
I think they have more practical interest
than a discussion of the boundaries of the
counties of Ontario, the relation of X to
Z, or even the Thirty-nine Articles. I am
jubilant over the development of the win-
dow-gardens, and feel a bit like whipping
a neighbor who won't have them for fear
the flies would get in the parlor if the
shutters were opened. There is a grace
and a bounty in the overflowing mass of
green and scarlet and blue and yellow in
a properly built window-garden. Petti-
coated fuchsias and flouncing petunias
and martial General Grant geraniums and
blue lobelia, is the medley of perfume
and color and vigor that makes the win-
dow-sills gay. I never look at lobelia
that I don't think of Swinburne's match-
less cry against niggardliness in giving of
our love:

I am most glad I loved thee! Think of all
The sins that go to make one speed-well blue!
LADY GAY.

A Model.

HIS bare feet and skinny legs had
evidently not made even a pass-
ing acquaintance with anything
remotely suggestive of soap and
water since the bare-foot season came in
and the sun took the frost out of the
asphalt. His clothes, though very in-
geniously harnessed on to his person, were
anonymous and lacked organization. His
felt hat had felt wear, tear and abuse, so
to speak, and his hair had not been
combed since it was cut last, evidently a
great while ago. But his face was child-
like and bland, if it was grimy.

"I think he might do," said Wiersley,
eying him with the cold, critical eye with
which your critic scrutinizes an oil paint-
ing.

"He's about as picturesquely tough as
you'll find," said Brown.

"He might be a little darker-com-
plexioned," said Wiersley.

"He's done his best," said Brown.

"But I'll guess he'll do," said Wiersley.

"Well, if dirt is what you want I never
saw an urchin with more to the board-
measure in my life," said Brown.

The young gentleman referred to was
blissfully regardless of the attention and
complimentary remarks he was calling
forth. He was at that moment clinking
coins one at a time from his left hand to
his right with great rapidity, his eyes
meanwhile fixed on the fifth floor win-
dows of the office building across the
street and his lips moving mechanically.

"Suppose you open up business rela-
tions," suggested Brown.

Wiersley approached.

"Say, son, he hezan, 'would you
mind posin' for us for an hour or so?'"

"Son," continued clinking.

"The gentleman is immersed in his
bookkeeping," said Brown.

"Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four,"
muttered the gamin.

Wiersley waited patiently until the
young gentleman had counted seventy-six
and put the money somewhere inside one
of the many convenient openings in his
clothes. Then he repeated his question.
The boy looked blank.

"Do you want to make a quarter?"
asked Brown.

"What do I?"

"Sitting still for a while," said Brown.

"Get new and I'll buy you," said the
innocent.

"Let us draw you, you know," said
Wiersley.

"Spring it sudden," said the boy; "I'll
bite."

"Eh?" said Wiersley.

"Quit beel'n' and spring it," said the
urchin.

"There's no gag about it, if that's what
you mean," said Wiersley.

"Quit your joshin', then."

"No, look here. We want someone to
sit still and let us draw his picture."

"What get me mug took?"

"You grasp the idea," said Brown.

"Fer two bits?"

"Yes."

"But you get the money."

"Me! Don't you charge anything?"

"No."

"Just startin' up?"

"That's it."

"Let's see the two bits."

"Here it is."

"It's a bet, then; but I wisht if I had
on me long pants."

"I wouldn't have you hide those legs
for the world," said Brown.

S. H.

To Young Authors.

Youth's Companion.

AN English journal in Exeter pub-
lished, several years ago, a cor-
respondence between an aspir-
ing young verse-maker and the
poet Longfellow.

The young man sent copies of two or
three of his effusions to the American
poet, asking him to write detailed criti-
cisms on each. He also requested "a copy
of one of your longer poems in your own
writing," adding, with what had the
flavor of a lofty patronage, "I shall be
pleased to have your autograph in this
form."

The poet, whose kindness always made
him courteous, actually wrote the criti-
cisms asked for and sent a copy of a short
poem in his own writing, upon which the
poetaster published the entire corre-
spondence.

Young writers of to-day not infre-
quently make the mistake of this English-
man, in thinking that they can climb
Olympus by holding to the skirts of well
known authors.

An American writer once said, "I re-
ceive occasionally manuscripts with the
request that I shall 'read, criticize and
use my influence to place them in some
magazine.' They come from my friends
and my friends' friends. My tailor's cus-
tom feels that his hold upon me is near
enough to warrant his sending a manu-
script copy of a serial novel written by
one of his friends."

"Will I do," he asks, 'what I can with
it, but only submit it to the best maga-
zines?' 'The friend,' he declares, 'is in
need of circumstances. If the publishers
could hear his sad story, they would surely
take the book.'"

The influence of a noted writer will not
secure the acceptance of an article or story
in the best publications, unless the article
or story has inherent merit, and is adapted
to the publication to which it is offered.
The substance of this statement has been
set forth so often that repetition seems
useless; but once more we will definitely
present it for the benefit of young writers.

Every prominent magazine or periodical
has its editorial readers, whose business
is to decide upon every manuscript sub-
mitted to them. Their decision is based,
not only upon the literary merit of the
article or story, but upon its length, sub-
ject and suitability to the periodical they
represent. These are questions of which
the outsider usually knows nothing.

A commendation of a manuscript,
therefore, by the person who sends it in-
volves by implication almost a slur upon
the ability and official integrity of the
editors. Are they to accept it because
others happen to like it, whether it fulfills
all the conditions required or not?

The young author must learn to stand
on his own feet, and to send his poem or
story from publisher to publisher until he
strikes the open door, or, failing to do
that, conclude that his manuscript lacks
essential merit. In every reputable
editorial office his manuscript will have
fair consideration.

Noble Economy.

The Outlook.

Many as were the services Mr. Glad-
stone rendered to his country, none was
more noteworthy than his example of
simple living. He hated private as much
as public extravagance. He was the
popularizer of post-cards; his thrifty
management of the Hawarden estate was
a lesson to all landowners; in a famous
Rectorial address he denounced the
"noble" guinea-pig. He was not only a
great Chancellor of the Exchequer,
but, unlike Cobden and other Reformers,
managed his own affairs well. He had no
need of, and refused, national testimonials
and pensions; he took nothing for his
family or for himself, not even a building
site in the New Forest. In these days,
when Society, to the regret of all right-
thinking men, is toadying to Money-bags,
and is driven to all kinds of unworthy
shifts in the effort to live beyond its
means, the value of the lessons of self-
respecting economy taught by the great
man who is laid to rest to-day can hardly
be over-estimated.

A well-known London clergyman tells a
characteristic story of Mr. Gladstone,
which we do not remember to have heard
or seen before. "The first time I met him
I expected to find him an unapproachable
and dictatorial old gentleman; but, in-
stead of that, the Prime Minister was as
simple and lively as the youngest of us. I
had the honor to sit on his right at dinner,
and as his other neighbor was a dumb
dog, I got the lion's share of his talk. We
got upon hymns. The old man expressed
his well known preference for Toplady's
Rock of Ages. I ventured to ask whether
he did not think it strange that the author
of this hymn, though he wrote so much
sacred verse, never elsewhere rose to real
poetry. 'Only in eight lines,' said the old
man. 'Do you know the lines I mean?'
I thought I did, but I said I was not sure.
Whereupon Mr. Gladstone closed his eyes,
and beating with his fingers on the table,
rolled out in that wonderful voice of his
the well known stanzas:

Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy love it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

A Strict Household.

Few children are brought up on such
strictly virtuous lines as Miss Frances
Willard was. Perhaps this explains why
the ordinary mortal finds it so hard to be
good.

Miss Willard tells of a Christmas that
fell on Sunday. In order that no secular
matters might disturb the peace of the
day of rest, the Christmas presents were
given on Saturday evening, and then,
with praiseworthy self-denial, laid aside
until Monday.

Fortunately for the other two young
members of the household—Oliver and
Mary—their presents included a Sunday
book for each, while, instead of the book,

Frances had a long desired but strictly
week day slate. That slate was a treasure,
but—to-morrow was Sunday, and it was
a treasure unavailable for more than
twenty-four hours. A happy idea finally
came into the longing little mind. Fran-
ces asked her mother:

"Might I have my new slate if I'll pro-
mise not to draw anything but meeting-
houses?"

The plea was so natural and so well sus-
tained that Frances had the slate, her
mother even drawing for her a pattern
church.

Stubbs—We wanted to get a bathing
machine, and there was one which nobody
had come out of for a long time. We
didn't know whether a gentleman or a
lady was in, but as no notice was taken of
our knocking we pushed the door open and
a little. Robson—Was it a lady? Stubbs—
A lady! I should think not—you ought
to have heard her language!—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Kelly—So they sint yure poor little
Timmy t' th' reformatory? Such a good
child, too. Mrs. Grady—Sure and he wor
thot, Mrs. Kelly. Everything that darlint
iver shote he'd bring roight home
t' his mother.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column,
Enclosures, unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

EUTHYMOUS—No coupon enclosed. Per-
haps it dropped out on the way, as, to save a
cent, you left your envelope open. Isn't your
character worth two cents?

BILLY GO-EAST—A strong, impetuous, lively
young animal, full of energy, plans and im-
pulses, inconstant and energetic, generous,
and at the same time cautious. Persistence,
good sequence of ideas, and a fine, frank and
honest method are yours.

NELLIE—You may have just finished school,
but you are only beginning to develop
character. It's a good honest foundation you
are putting down, but I cannot tell yet what
kind of a palace you will build. Your character
is far from developed yet, Nellie.

BACKER—It is a crude, strong, assertive and
loquacious person, energetic and forceful, but
not trained to consider the big questions of life.
I'd hate to tell you an important state secret.
You are bright, and apt to be inconstant, but
probably what is called among men a good
square fellow.

CHERRIE—A delusion, whether your writing
be formed or not! Oh, you unreasonable
infant! You really must wait until those
wavering lines are stronger. How would you
like me to tell you you were a false-hearted,
conceited, deceitful youngster? These and
many more dreadful things come to older people
with such writing, which don't mean anything
with you at all.

Studio and Gallery

Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A., is temporarily settled at Ottawa. He has recently received a commission for a bust of Lady Aberdeen. It is a fitting thing that a permanent form should be given to the features so familiar to so many in the Dominion, and more especially to those engaged in works of benevolence.

J. W. L. Forster leaves this week for the Old Land. He will visit England and Scotland, where some commissions already await him. Mr. Forster has recently been gratified at receiving a request to contribute to the Earle Gallery, New York.

R. F. Gagen hopes soon to visit Boston, and to renew his acquaintance with his old friends, the works of art in the galleries there, the hum of the wheels of the machinery of the Industrial Exhibition commences.

The art gallery of Matthews & Co. contains an interesting collection of miscellaneous pictures. Several of our local artists are represented. It is a pleasant feature of the noon hour to busy people down town to step into such a place.

Auguste Rodin is a name with which readers of the best current art literature are becoming more and more familiar. "To the glorious names of the three greatest French sculptors of the century, Rodin, Pradier and Carpeaux, must be added that of Rodin. People have often compared him to Michael Angelo." "Modeling expressive of heroic qualities, however, is perhaps generally associated with Rodin's work, and for that reason, no doubt, his work is not yet as popular as it will of course become when it becomes more generally known." Henry Bayle, author of *La Charteuse de Parme* and *L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*, wrote this strange prophecy in 1817: "For two centuries political feeling—so called—proscribed all strong passions, and in course of repression succeeded in destroying them altogether, so that there was no evidence of their existence save in the

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The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO
114 King Street West

villages. The nineteenth century will restore their rights. If we were blessed in our days with a Michael Angelo, what might he not achieve! What a torrent of new sensations and pleasures would he pour forth among a race so well prepared for him by the drama and the novel! Perhaps he might create a modern school of sculpture; perhaps might make this art express the emotions, or those at least which are in accord with it? No words could apply more aptly than these to Rodin's work, for the splendid truth he reveals is magnified by the breath of a burning passion. The inert matter modeled by the artist is transfigured, animated by a rhythm that is more than human, the eternal rhythm of life and emotion.

Canada's great art lack is a lack of just such sculpture. It should live in all our public buildings, our churches, and especially our schools, for it is the art of all arts. It is hoped the prophecy fulfilled in France may be also fulfilled here.

Mr. Franz Bischoff returned to his home at Dearborn, Mich., last week. His stay in Toronto seems to have been a complete success, the interest and enthusiasm of teacher and pupils being as marked as ever. For an artist of Mr. Bischoff's strength and originality, sameness and tameness are impossibilities, but the show-work exhibited at the Panthecon last month was, for novelty of beauty, even more than usually striking. There is a daring about Mr. Bischoff's handling of color on china which, with a lesser skill than his, would be suicidal, but with the fewest possible exceptions he has been triumphantly successful.

Mr. Milliken of the Rex Studio, Yonge street, is shortly to place on public exhibition an immense canvas by Leonard. It measures 10 x 14 and is one of the most striking pictures ever shown in this country. Its title is *Shakespeare, the Glory of the Anglo-Saxon Race*. The central point of the picture is the figure of the poet and philosopher, delicate, distinct and idealized. Above and around him are a number of beautifully painted allegorical figures. Below are characters from his plays, artistically grouped and instantly recognizable. In the center are Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, the castle walls falling about them as in Macbeth's dream. In the first group to the left is Othello after the death of Desdemona. He holds the handkerchief which Iago has given him and shows it to the weeping attendants as proof in justification of his crime. Next is the pathetic figure of King Lear alone, deserted in his old age. Then the melancholy Dane in subdued colors as he sits at the base of which sits Ophelia, evidently already stricken with madness. Beside, and a little behind Hamlet, appears the merry, ruddy face and corpulent figure of the genial and self-indulgent Falstaff. Finally, in the extreme right in the picture, Romeo holds Juliet in his arms, while Friar Laurence appears slightly in the background. Behind him again the death of Caesar is depicted. As the work of a member of another nation, Leonard's picture is a striking evidence of the influence the great English dramatist wields over men of all races and all countries.

"It is recorded," says Lord Ronald Gower, "of Gerard Don that he bestowed the labor of five days on the hand of a lady—a finger a day; that he passed more than three days of toil in copying a broomstick, and that although he commenced painting when only fifteen years old and worked incessantly until his death, at the age of sixty-two, only two hundred pictures of his are known in the various public and private galleries of Europe. He mixed his own colors, made his own brushes, and prepared the varnishes which have preserved his exquisite little paintings with such wonderful freshness for hundreds of years after the careful hands that executed them had returned to that dust which he so much dreaded." One cannot help wishing at times, when viewing the almost slovenly finish, or rather unfinished, adopted by some artists, that more of the spirit of Gerard Don was abroad in the land.

Displayed on a notice-board posted up in an art exhibition in Japan, to which foreigners were welcomed, were the following rules: "Visitors are requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged ten cents and two cents, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in—if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his pipe, and is strictly forbidden to take within himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitors are requested to take good care of himself from thievery."

At the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, on Wednesday evening, June 15, Miss Norma Reynolds was presented with an oil portrait of herself on behalf of her pupils, past and present. The portrait is a good one and was executed by Donald Guthrie McNab of New York, formerly of Toronto.

"What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission." "Ah!" "Her mission is seeking a man with a mansion." "You told me this horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save him." "It was in ploughing matches that he took the prizes, sir."—*Metropolitan*.

Mr. Simkins is a great enthusiast on the subject of "chest protectors," which he recommends to people on every occasion. "A great thing!" he says. "They make people more healthy, increase their strength and lengthen their lives." "But what about our ancestors?" someone asked. "They didn't have any chest protectors, did they?" "They did not," said Mr. Simkins triumphantly, "and where are they now? All dead!"

At Tussaud's.
Pick-Me-Up.



"Oh! ma, are these left over from the Military Tournament?"

Thankful Constituents.

How much good is done by the free distribution of seeds on the part of the national government has often been questioned, but the *Washington Post*, in a recent issue, makes it clear that one family has discovered a way to profit by the government's munificence.

A Southern Congressman received a letter some time ago, which, being like hundreds of other communications, did not attract attention. It read as follows: "Blankville, Jan. 10, 1898.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you please send me a parcel of cow-peas from the government distribution?" "Very truly yours," "JAMES LANCASTER."

The package was duly sent. A week later there came another letter. It made the following request: "Blankville, Jan. 10, 1898.

"DEAR SIR,—Please send me some cow-peas. I only want one package."

"MAY I REQUEST," "The Congressman promptly complied with the request, and thought no more about it until five days later, when there came still another letter. It was postmarked at the same country town, and was evidently from a member of the same family as his two previous correspondents. The Congressman smiled as he read:

"Blankville, Jan. 15, 1898.

"DEAR MR. CONGRESSMAN,—We got all the packages of cow-peas, and thank you very much. We put all the peas together and boiled them for dinner. It was the best meal we have had for a long time. With many thanks," "Yours truly," "JAMES LANCASTER."

Can Heart Failure be Prevented? Startling and brief the announcement, "Sudden Death Caused by Heart Failure." Such is the stereotyped announcement of coroners, juries and reporters arousing the forebodings of those victims of indigestion and mal-nutrition, who so frequently disturb themselves upon the manifestation, in palpitation or fluttering, of functional disturbance of the heart; symptoms which they are foolishly prone to accept as the signs of an incurable, and speedily fatal, malady. Maltine with Coca Wine is potent in restoring conditions that no longer render possible such alarmingly disturbing symptoms. Maltine with Coca Wine, through its remedial influence upon the nervous system, soothes into calmness the disorganized nerves. The heart, in response to increased nerve force, no longer plunges and beats as if determined to break.

Maltine with Coca Wine has long been recognized as the most pleasant and efficient remedy for all those functional derangements that find manifestation in lassitude, sleeplessness, despondency and loss of appetite and digestive power. A nerve tonic, a body-builder, a nutrient and digestive agent of inestimable value. All druggists sell it.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the customer cautiously. "No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice of ham!" said the customer, greatly relieved.

Mrs. Blecker—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you? The New Domestic Jewel—Yes, mum; can't yez smell it?

Mrs. Homebuddy—Home is the dearest spot on earth, after all. Mr. H.—Yes, when you count in the rent and the servant's wages.

An old Highland Chief finding his son, a mere boy, asleep on the battle-field with a huge snowball under his head, kicked it away, exclaiming, "What do ye want wi' a pillow? I'll nae such effeminacy in my family." That's the spirit that breeds men—or rheumatics.

Dr. Johnson was once consulted by an old lady on the degree of wickedness to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends

upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, Davy Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple-tree (for I was always a heavy boy) the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment."

After a recent railway collision a Scotsman was extricated from the wreckage by a companion who had escaped unhurt. "Never mind, Sandy," his rescuer remarked, "it's nothing serious, and you'll get damages for it!" "Damages?" roared Sandy. "Hae I no' had enough? Guid sakes, it's repairs I'm seekin' noo."

Suffered for Years.

Joints and Limbs Were Swollen Three Times Their Natural Size—The Sufferer In Bed for a Year and a Half.
From the *Echo*, Warrington, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Thew, who is well known in the town of Warrington, was a sufferer from heart trouble and articular rheumatism for a period of fifteen years. Late her condition has so much improved that a reporter of the *Echo* called upon her to ascertain to what cause the change was due. Mrs. Thew, without counting publicity, consented to give a brief statement of her case in hope that some other sufferer might be benefited. She said: "My joints were all swollen up to three times their natural size and for a year and a half I was unable to leave my bed. I secured medical treatment and the doctors told me I would never be able to walk again. I took medicine they prescribed, but it failed to give any relief. I took patent medicines, but they did not help me. Having noticed an advertisement in a paper for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded to give them a trial and they gave me relief from the time I commenced using them about the first of January last. I have taken ten boxes. I am now able to go around without assistance and do all my household work." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is inclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

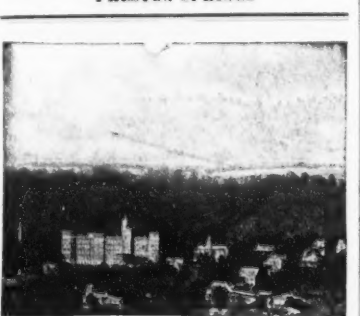
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Maypole Soap Dyes They can easily get it for you if they don't happen to have it on hand.

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about the outside of the body than the inside, and yet what is the use of good clothing when the owner is too ill to wear it?

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builds up the body by means of strengthening, sustaining, stimulating nourishment, which fortifies the system against prevalent ailments.

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The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

Reginald—I wish you wouldn't keep putting me off this way all summer.
Gladys—Then give me the refusal of you till October first.

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With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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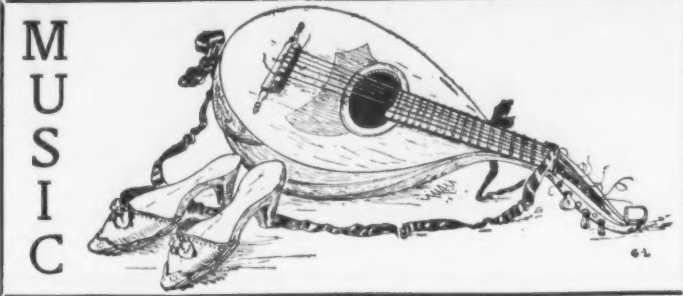
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The clever London, Eng., correspondent of the New York Musical Courier in a recent number describes the conducting of Herr Zumppe at the Covent Garden performances. The conclusions to be derived from the description offered of Herr Zumppe's style, and the effects he produces, or fails to produce, as the case may be, show that our *lieber Herr* would be considered by some would-be experts in Toronto an absolutely ideal conductor. Some conductors in describing him would probably find much to admire in his "legitimate," or as Wagner would term it, his *capellmeister* style. The London critic, however, says of Herr Zumppe: "The singing, acting, stage-setting, orchestra were all excellent. Herr Zumppe, the conductor, is, however, not gifted with the power of making his orchestra convincingly dramatic. At best he keeps good time and follows the fortes and pianos of the printed page, but he gets no climaxes, no subtle accents or phrases. In fact, he is an ordinary good conductor without personality. The conductor kept his orchestra at a dead level mezzo forte for about five minutes in the throbbing syncopated accompaniment in A flat in one of the scenes of Tristan." The "dead level mezzo forte," which is a fact of so many time-beaters who appear to have no use for refinement and breadth of style, evidently does not cut much of a figure in orchestral work in London. As a contrast to Herr Zumppe's very respectable work let us read what the Paris correspondent of the journal already referred to has to say of another conductor whose attention to detail would move to hysterics a certain type of musicians who never, apparently, are able to distinguish the difference between *pp* and *ff* or between *Andante* and *Allegro con brio*. He says: "Among the concerts which have taken place since my last letter by far the finest and most important, with the exception of this last one, was the fifth Tschaikovsky concert, which was conducted by Felix Weingartner. That was indeed a concert, and to me it was a revelation. Never have I heard a leader get so much out of his orchestra, the most striking effects and such extreme delicacy in the shading. Weingartner has great magnetism and infuses life and sparkle into everything in a greater degree than anyone I have ever heard. He is a very great artist. He took the beginning of the Tannhauser overture so piano that it was like a murmur or whisper gradually stealing upon our senses, and then the full burst of the orchestra later was truly magnificent in its effect. He is without any doubt one of the greatest capellmeisters and well worthy of being put beside Richter, Mottl and Levy, and he stirred and touched me more than any of these."

Mr. Angelo M. Read, the well known Canadian musician, now resident in Buffalo, N. Y., delivered an address on Music and its Relation to Public Worship at the recent annual session of the influential Tanager Club of that city. The leading Buffalo papers contain comprehensive reports of Mr. Read's admirable paper, and I regret that lack of space prevents its publication in its entirety in these columns. The following extract will, however, serve to indicate Mr. Read's ideas upon certain interesting points dealt with in his paper: "The tunes should be quite in keeping with the spirit of the text. In range they should be neither too high nor too low, but alas! how often the minister errs in this respect, often choosing hymns for the words, without considering whether the tunes are fit for congregational use. I could mention cases where, in some of the hymn books used in churches in this city, the words are so badly set to music, with such ignorance of the laws which govern musical construction, as to make them utterly valueless. Actually, tunes so vicious and enervating in their vulgar sounding harmonies, consisting of two chords of tonic and dominant, with an occasional subdominant thrown in, that they are beneath contempt. I say to connect the holiest ideas and most sacred words of our religion with tunes so vulgar, is injurious to the cause of Christianity to say the least. Dr. M. L. Bartlett in the *Musicalian* for April says: 'The Gospel Hymns that have flooded the country have served no more than a temporary purpose at the times of religious decline, and done much to secularize the church by their suggestions of dance forms in music, and are a positive hindrance to musical development as a high and noble art. To the trained musicians they are meaningless, flippant and vulgar, and lead on to what we consider religious dissipation.' On the subject of the quartette choir Mr. Read remarks: 'The quartette choir seems to be a latter-day necessity. Its home is the United States, and its object is, no doubt, to supply the place of the chorus choir. In some respects it does, but it is not yet universally recognized as preferable to the chorus choir. I firmly believe the choir in which both quartette and chorus are combined to be the proper one for church use.'

The annual examinations in music at Loretto Abbey were held on Saturday and Monday last under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The very enviable position attained by the musical department of this prosperous institution was fully sustained by the high standard of work accomplished by the students this season both in instrumental and vocal music. It is doubtful whether the Abbey ever

graduated a more brilliant group of piano players than those who presented themselves for examination this year. Their technical training and the broad musical culture evinced by the candidates were most highly commented on by the examiner. The high standard of the piano work at Loretto Abbey is a matter concerning which Sister M. Marguerite and her associated teachers may sincerely be congratulated. In the vocal department the results of Mr. Schuch's thorough and intelligent work were exceedingly gratifying. In the matter of tone production and in the equally important phases of style and interpretation, the excellence of the singing at the Abbey is worthy of high praise. Following is a list of the successful candidates, given in order of merit: Piano playing—gold medals in graduating class to Misses Gwendoline Jones, E. Mason and Rena De Van; first year in gold medal class—second class honors, Misses L. Lynn, E. Coppinger, M. McGuire and M. Ryan; fifth class—silver medal awarded to Miss Irma Jordan; first-class honors to Misses Begy, Murphy and St. Charles, and second-class honors to Misses Bampfield and O'Flaherty; junior fifth class—first class honors to Misses Cosgrave and Rielly; junior department—silver lyre awarded to Miss Flossie Burns. In the vocal department the gold medal was awarded to Miss Shea, silver medal to Miss Annie Foy, first-class honors in the silver medal class to Misses McDonald and McMahon. In the intermediate vocal course Miss Bampfield was awarded first-class honors and Misses Jordan, McGuire, Mangan and Burns second class honors.

The annual examinations in music at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, took place on Wednesday of last week and were conducted by Mr. A. S. Vogt of the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The department of music at the Whitby college is an exceptionally strong one, some of the teachers in charge being among the best known of Canadian musicians. On this occasion pupils of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Wilson, Miss Wright and Miss Rice came up for examination, and the very high standard of the work is a matter upon which the College and the teachers mentioned are entitled to congratulations. Two candidates for graduation in the vocal department scored a remarkably high standing in the competition for the gold medal, the examiner expressing himself in warmest terms of praise concerning the unusual excellence of their work. The admirable facilities existing at the College for specializing in pipe-organ study are evidently being appreciated and utilized to their fullest extent, as was shown in the result of the examinations in this department. In the pianoforte and other departments also, the satisfactory showing of the pupils was most favorably commented on by the examiner. The following is the result of the examination: Organ intermediate, Class I.—Misses Ross and Cairns. Piano intermediate, Class I.—Misses Crysdale and Cairns; Class II.—Miss J. Thompson. Vocal intermediate, Class I.—Miss Hanlin; Class II.—Misses Dixon, Shurtleff and Everson. Piano primary, Class I.—Misses Acheson and Hanlin. Class II.—Misses Pepper. Vocal primary, Class II.—Misses Metcalf, Stone, M. Thompson, Sears, Perley, Price, Robertson, Roblin and Cairns. The vocal graduates were Miss Hill of Toronto and Miss Thomas of Coaticook, Que., the former in a very keen competition securing the highest standing and gold medal.

A very successful concert was given in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday evening of last week by piano pupils of Miss Annie R. Bean of that town. Miss Bean, who was formerly a pupil of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and who has since had exceptional success as a teacher, illustrates in her work the far-reaching influence of our leading music schools, the high standing scored by her pupils in the annual examinations at the Toronto Conservatory of Music being the most certain indication of her ability and earnestness. On the evening mentioned the following pupils took part in an exciting and well chosen programme: Misses Lizzie Kreutziger, Florence Snyder, Irene Letter, Alice Weseloh, Mary Ross, Eva Jones, Evelyn Breithaupt, Emma Bean, Alberta Werner, Maude Hilliard, Edith Weichel, Alice Carthew, and Messrs. Ernest Cork and Charles O'Donnell. The programme presented has probably never been surpassed in a pupils' recital in Waterloo county, and included solo and concerted compositions chosen from the works of Liszt, Godard, Raff, Grieg, Von Wilh, Schubert, Chopin, Hallander, Scharwenka, and other representative composers for the piano. An interesting feature of the recital was the singing of a ladies' chorus of sixteen voices. Miss Bean had the assistance also of Miss Eva Jones, soprano; Mr. Charles Ruby, basso; and Mr. F. Halstead, violinist. The unusual excellence of the programme and the very satisfactory manner in which it was carried out deservedly won for Miss Bean the enthusiastic praise of the large audience present.

One of the most successful of the numerous recitals given at the Conservatory of Music during the past month was the programme presented by pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds on Wednesday evening of last week. Miss Reynolds' recitals have always been characterized by a good choice of programme numbers and by a

careful and artistic presentation of the same by the pupils taking part. The recital under notice was no exception to the rule, and the large audience present proved by their enthusiasm how thoroughly they were impressed by the manner in which the evening's programme was carried out. The following pupils took part: Misses Nita Brimstin, Frances Crosby, Emily Selway, Jennie L. White-lock, Ethel Switzer, Florence M. Brown, Emily Findlay, Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Mr. Reginald K. McIntosh and Mr. E. T. Reburn. A violin solo by Miss Kittie Patterson, a pupil of Mr. H. Klingensfeld; a flute solo by Mr. A. E. Goode, a pupil of Mr. J. Churchill Arledge, and a reading by Miss Mamie Fellows, added much to the interest and enjoyment of the occasion. Miss Winnifred Skeath Smith, violinist, and Miss Sara E. Dallas, F. T. C. M., organist, also assisted, with good effect in the obligatos to several solos. A pleasing incident occurred during an interval in the recital, when Mr. Fisher, the director of the Conservatory, in behalf of Miss Reynolds' pupils, presented her with a handsome portrait of herself in oil.

Mr. W. H. Sherwood's annual piano recital at the Conservatory of Music, an event which has become one of the features of our local musical life, was given on Tuesday evening last in the presence of an audience representative of the musical culture of the city. Mr. Sherwood has appeared so frequently in Toronto, and the many excellent points in his playing have become so well known to local music-lovers, that it is unnecessary to enter into detail concerning his work on this occasion. It will suffice to say that the same comprehensive and brilliant technical facility, and the same remarkable intellectual and artistic grasp of his programme numbers which has marked his performances on previous appearances in this city, were again, and in a marked degree, features of his playing. The programme rendered was as follows: Schumann, "Etudes Symphoniques," Op. 13, a. S. N. Penfield, "Gavotte in Canon Form." b. Louis Mass, "Folk Dances." c. Schumann, "Recollections of Norway," Op. 13, c. Sherwood, "Ethelinda," Op. 14, No. 2. d. W. H. Dayas, "Polonaise in A Minor," Op. 7. e. Chopin, "Mazurka," Op. 36, No. 1. f. "Nocturne," C Sharp Minor, Op. 27, No. 2. g. "Prelude," B Flat Minor, Op. 28, No. 16. h. Schubert-Tausig, Military March. Songs were contributed by Mrs. H. W. Parker and Mr. Rechab Tandy of the Conservatory staff, both of whom were enthusiastically recalled.

A most successful recital was given on Monday evening last in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, by Miss Lillian Porter, pianist, and Miss Elsie Millett, vocalist. The piano numbers were: Dohler, Arpeggio Study; Czerny, Etude; Ten Brink, Gavotte; Scarlatti, Two Studies; Raff, La Fileuse; Chopin, Valse; Rheinhold, Impromptu; Mendelssohn, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, all of which were well played from memory. This in itself was much for so young a performer to accomplish. Miss Porter in her treatment of the entire programme evinced a well developed technique and sympathetic touch, and gave a musically reading of the varied numbers. Miss Millett's vocal numbers were: Bevan, Flight of Ages; Ganz, I Seek for Thee in Every Flower; Lehmann, Come Dance the Romaika; B. Cutter, Just as I Am; Handel, I Know That My Redeemer Liveth; Haydn, With Verdure Clad; Ardit, Parla; Suppe, Canto de Lella, with violin obligato. Clear enunciation and refined expression characterized Miss Millett's singing, which features, added to a soprano voice of extensive range and of delightful quality, give pleasure to the musical ear. Mr. Harold Bayley played effectively a violin obligato to one of Miss Millett's songs.

The following programme was given in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week in the presence of a very large and cultured audience:

Bach, Chromatic Fantasia. Miss Jessie Perry.
Sjogren, Prelude in E flat Minor. Master Douglas Hope Bertram.
Verdi, Liszt, Rigoletto Fantasia. Miss Perry.
Gounod, Valse, Jewel Song (Fantasy). Miss Moesta James, pupil of Mrs. Bradley.
Grieg, Sonata in F for Violin and Piano, Op. 8. Allegro con brio. Allegretto quasi Andantino. Allegro molto vivace.
Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld and Master Bertram. Moszkowski, Valse in E Major Op. 31. Miss Perry.
Liszt, Cantique d'Amour. Master Bertram.
Sullivan, Lost Chord. Miss Carrie Davidson, pupil of Mr. Tandy.
Organ Obligato, Mr. Vogt.
Liszt, Specialized. Miss Perry.
a. Grieg, Miss Haakon Op. 41, No. 2. b. Moszkowski, Etinelles Op. 36, No. 6. Master Bertram.
Rubinstein, Concerto in D Minor First Movement (Moderate Assai). Miss Perry.
Orchestral part on second piano by Mr. Vogt.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Mr. Geo. Musson on Monday evening last by a number of guests of that music-loving gentleman, whom he had invited to listen to a programme of piano music rendered by the gifted pianist, Senor Gonzalo de J. Nunez of New York, who is at present sojourning in this city. The invited guests included a number of our most prominent local musicians, all of whom were impressed with the brilliant technical attainments and eminent musicianship of the soloist of the evening. His programme, which included a most comprehensive list of standard classical and modern works, was interpreted in a manner which clearly proved the performer's superior talent both as a virtuoso and artist.

The Bath, England, *Chronicle* of May 19 last, makes some interesting references to the excellent articles on Toronto's Masters of Music which recently appeared in *The Globe*. It publishes quotations from the articles mentioned referring to Dr. Ham, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison and Mr.

J. Humfrey Anger, three West of England men who were included in the first group of portraits of local organists which appeared in *The Globe*. In conclusion the *Chronicle* says: "We are not surprised to hear that Toronto is now regarded as one of the continental musical centers, and that this is due entirely to the brilliant and musically work, the solidity of technical training and the unique success of her pupils."

A piano recital of much interest was given in the parlors of the Church day school by Mrs. T. W. Langstone on Tuesday evening last. Mrs. Langstone's numbers included pieces by Bach, Chopin, Grieg, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. She also took part in a composition by Gorla for two pianos, in which she had the assistance of Miss M. Marks, both ladies being pupils of Mr. W. J. McNally. Mrs. Langstone has been appointed teacher in the piano department of the Church day school, a position for which she proved her fitness by her clever playing on this occasion. Assistance was rendered during the evening by Mrs. E. Lillie, Miss F. Wilkie, Mr. Charles Newton, and Mrs. J. F. Tilley, vocalists.

Mr. A. T. Cringan has been engaged by the American Institute of Normal Methods, of Auburndale, Mass., to conduct special classes in sight-singing and vocal music generally during the special summer session of that celebrated institution from July 12 to 25.

Mr. J. Humfrey Anger of the Conservatory of Music staff leaves for England on Monday next for the summer vacation. Mr. Tandy, also of the Conservatory staff, leaves for the Motherland on Friday next. Both gentlemen return to Toronto late in August.

Invitations have been issued for the closing concert of the Toronto College of Music, which takes place in the Pavilion Music Hall on the evening of Tuesday, June 28. MODERATO.

A Jingo Jumble.

New York Press.
Dewey love Schley Sampson!
We Dewey, Dewey do!
We'll soon, we trust, Havana,
Mayhap Christina, too,
Weyler face is Blanco,
We'll anchor to the Lee,
And cross perchance, to Morro,
With Terror o'er the sea.
And if their wheezy cannon
Grow hoarse along their masts,
We'll use a little Winslow,
To soothe their husky throats.
We'll ship them back to Cadiz,
We would not be Cervera;
We'll teach them not to Tampa
With anything that's nearer.

Bat, ere we launch a shafter
A thunderbolt of war,
They may Clenfuques
Brave Cubans by the score.
We'll send a fleet of catboats
To gobble the Canaries,
And share a Philippine or two
With our contemporaries.
A prize we'll grant to Dewey,
And let the heroes share it.
They'll soon deserve another,
Because of General Merritt.

Horace Greeley's Hat.

Amos Cummings (according to the Washington Post) told this story about Horace Greeley: "He always called me 'Asa,' never could remember 'Amos.' One day I went out to see Greeley at Chappaqua about some newspaper business. The old gentleman saw me coming as he stood looking out of the window, and opened the door himself. 'Come in here, Asa,' he said, as he led me into a fashion of parlor. I followed him into the room, and as I was only going to remain a moment, laid my hat, gloves and cane on a center table. Greeley and I had just immersed ourselves in a talk when Mrs. Greeley swept into the room. The moment she entered the door, her eyes fell indignantly on my tressure as I'd piled it up—hat, gloves and stick—on the table. Without a word she swooped on the outfit like a fish-hawk and threw them out of the window. Then she left the room without pausing for speech, as one who had taught somebody that the hall was the place for hats and canes and similar bric-a-brac. I was inclined to get a trifle hot, but Greeley stretched out his hand in a deprecating way and cheered me with the remark: 'Never mind her, Asa, she thought they were mine.' Afterward, however," concluded Cummings, "when I recalled what Greeley's hat used to look like I had my doubts."

Nell Mr. Stillicus is only an apology for a man. Belle—Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it were offered.

Miss—My goodness, Jane, you never your thumbs in the soup! Jane—Have mind, mum, it ain't hot!—Judy.

Sunday school teacher—Why do you say your prayers before going to bed, Willy! Willy Upson—I sleep in a folding-bed.—Puck.

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Private lessons also given daily.
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Summer Session for teachers, public readers, clergymen and others.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Amy Simpson of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Roy of Parkdale. Miss Murphy of Ottawa is the guest of Miss Lillian Hamilton. Mr. and Mrs. John Dick of Spencer Avenue are to summer in Cobourg, where Mr. Dick has purchased a large property in connection with his business. Mrs. Alfred Beardsmore has returned from England and is for a short time in town en route for De Grassi Point for the summer. Miss Elsie Lookie is visiting in Kingston. Miss Lois Thorne of Hull, England, who has been a charming visitor with Mrs. Allen McLean of John street during the winter, is returning home next week. Mrs. Fred Rose and Miss Smith returned this week from a delightful three weeks' visit in New York, Philadelphia and Newport. Mrs. Donald Knight and Miss Marion Stephen of Collingwood were recently the guests of Mrs. Pangman, Avenue road. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Massey are at Ellesmere House, Center Island, until their nice house on the breakwater is finished. Mrs. Craig, one of this year's pretty brides, and Mr. Craig are settled in their cottage at Hanlan's for the summer. Mr. Gerald Wade is stopping with his sister, Mrs. McCrae, at Hanlan's. Mrs. George Strange is at Center Island in a nice cottage with Miss Strange and the younger children. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis have taken a house in Dowling Avenue for the summer; last winter Mr. Jarvis got through an incalculable amount of concert and teaching work and he deserves a comfortably lazy time in his favorite suburb. Miss Florence Harris of Parkdale is visiting friends at the Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dyas, *les nouveaux mariés*, are with Mr. and Mrs. Dyas at their summer home, Center Island. Mr. Morgan Jellatt of the Traders' Bank, Windsor, is in town for his vacation. Miss Helen Murphy of Barrie has been paying a round of visits to friends in Toronto. Mr. Philip Palin has returned from Halifax, where he spent the winter; Phil is as handsome as ever and as popular everywhere. Mr. Harry Drummond has just returned from England, and with Mrs. Drummond is at Mrs. Roy's, Hanlan's Point. Mrs. R. F. Spence is at her summer residence, Orkney Cottage, Center Island. Mr. and Mrs. Bull have taken up house at 730 Spadina Avenue, a very nice locality. Mrs. Macrae of Niagara is the guest of Mrs. R. S. Smellie at her Island home; Mr. Harold Muntz will summer there also. Mr. Evan McLean has hung out his shingle in Newcastle, where it is hoped litigation will be brisk and endless. Mrs. R. F. Spence celebrated her little daughter Marjorie's anniversary last week, by giving a delightful children's party in her honor. This week Thursday was the golden day of the week—perfectly warm and sunny, and the Grange in all the beauty of its summer dress was the ideal place for a garden party. General and Mrs. Gascoigne were unable to be present, as General Gascoigne has received

orders to return to England without delay. Sir James and Lady Edgar and their family have returned to town. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham have taken a house at Center Island. Mrs. J. Langmuir of Niagara Falls is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir of Tyndal Avenue. Mrs. and the Misses Fitzgerald of Bloor street are leaving Toronto; Miss Mamie will be missed from many a smart gathering; Miss Fitzgerald is more devoted to charity than society and has been a power for good in Toronto during her stay here. Miss Ethel Baldwin has gone to British Columbia for the summer. The Godfrey band will discourse sweet music at Hanlan's Point to-morrow afternoon and evening; given fine weather and the Point should be swarming with lovers of good music. Mrs. Evelyn Denison, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lount, returned home on Saturday. Mrs. Boulton of Iver House has had a merry quartette of girl friends on a visit. Mrs. Grace gave a garden party at Victoria Rink yesterday; Mr. Grace is a pillar of this popular club.

The launching and naming of the Toronto, the new boat of the Ontario and Richelieu Navigation Company, took place on Tuesday, and Mr. Bertram made a party on the White Star so that his friends and those interested in the venture could view the launch from the water. The band of the 48th played on the deck, and the boat was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, civic and social lights of various magnitudes, and a smart party from the East. Madame Forget did the christening and the launch was of the most successful, the affair being consummated without a hitch. Speeches and toasts, with a dainty lunch by McConkey and music by the band, occupied the time until nearly six o'clock. Mr. Kerr Osborne entertained a party of the visitors at the club to dinner, and Mrs. Osborne brought Madame Forget to Mrs. Mackenzie's tea for half an hour.

The marriage of Mr. Wellington Fletcher Justin and Miss Amelia Rebecca Bull took place at Hawthorne Lodge, Mr. B. H. Bull's beautiful home in Brampton, at three o'clock on Wednesday, before some eighty guests, including several visitors from Toronto. Miss Bull was attended by her sister, Miss Lillian Bull, and Miss Allie Williams as bridesmaids. Mr. Benjamin Justin, brother of the groom, was best man. Rev. J. E. Lancelley, assisted by Rev. G. J. Bishop, performed the ceremony. The bride wore white cashmere, with veil and orange blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Justin went to Quebec for a wedding trip and will reside in Lisgar. Webb sent down a very elegant *dejeuner*, which was perfectly served. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond clasp and gold chain, and to the maid of honor a diamond and amethyst pin. Squire and Mrs. Crawford of Brampton gave a very elegant present in silver. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton Page, Dr. and Mrs. Phillips, and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bull were guests from Toronto.



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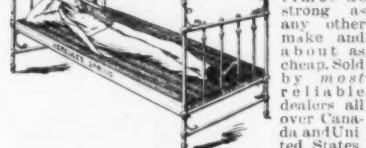
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His Excellency the Governor-General has placed a memorial tablet in the chapel at Rideau Hall in memory of the late Major Urquhart. Another handsome brass tablet has been placed there also. Upon this His Excellency informs the Governors-General of the future that he donates the chapel to them.

Sir C. B. Mitchell, Governor of the Straits Settlements, and Lady Mitchell, who are on their way to England, spent the latter part of last week in town at the Russell House.

Mr. Charles Moss, the clever artist, will accompany Lord and Lady Aberdeen on their trip to British Columbia next month. Mr. Moss intends to take advantage of his opportunities and in the near future will give us several sketches of that picturesque province.

Miss Amy Ritchie, Lady Ritchie's charming daughter, is in Toronto staying with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson at Rosedale.

Lady Davies and Miss Ethel Davies left last week for their summer home in Charlottetown, P.E.I. Miss Gertrude Davies is at present in Kingston visiting Lady Cartwright.

Mrs. J. Lorne Macdougall and her clever young daughter, who is one of the sweet girl graduates of the Toronto University this year, have been in Toronto, the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Loudon, St. George street.

His Honor Judge Ross leaves on Wednesday for a lengthy visit to friends in England and Scotland.

In honor of the Synod of the Diocese of Ottawa now in session, His Lordship the Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton gave a large reception between the hours of half-past seven and ten o'clock on Tuesday evening.

Miss Susie Cambie and Miss Marion Scarth left on Friday morning for the West. The former is to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cambie at Vancouver, B.C., while Miss Scarth is to be the guest of Hon. Mr. Daly and Mrs. Daly at the much-talked-of Roseland.

Dainty P.P.C. cards announced on Friday last the departure from town of the Speaker of the House of Commons and Lady Edgar. They left for their pretty summer home on the shores of Lake Simcoe.

Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne left on Tuesday for Toronto, where they will be the guests of Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at The Grange. Before returning to town they will spend a week or so at the Queen's Royal, Niagara.

Ottawa, June 23.

Social and Personal.

Invitations are out for the closing exercises of St. Margaret's College, for Monday evening, June 27, and Tuesday afternoon, June 28, at 3.30 o'clock. The exercises of Monday will be of a musical nature and we anticipate a treat is in store for those fortunate enough to be present. On Tuesday afternoon the rewards for the season's work will be given.

Mrs. A. W. Law has removed to 91 Charles street, where she will be pleased to receive her friends on the first and second Tuesday of each month, not on Fridays as formerly.

Mr. W. T. Pember leaves on June 29 by the Superior via Montreal for London and Paris on business. While in Europe Mr. Pember will visit his home in Hereford.

Mrs. S. W. Mathews of 9 Rusholme road has gone to Port Sydney on account of ill health and expects to be back in Toronto about September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. C. Norrie and their little family are settled for the summer at their island home, Casita Cottage, Center Island.

St. Catharines is to-day mourning a great loss in the death of Mrs. W. Ingram Price, which sad event occurred last Sunday morning at the residence of her husband, Yate street. Mrs. Price was the eldest daughter of the late Richard Atkinson, a prominent broker of Louisville, Ky., and New York, who moved with his family to St. Catharines in 1873, and was connected through both her parents with



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if you use...

A Suit Case..

The
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MAKERS OF
Fine Traveling and Leather
Goods

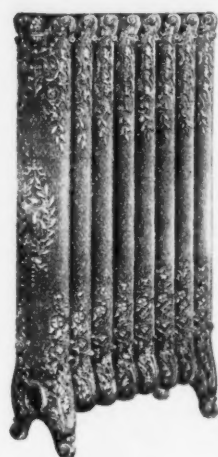
105 King St. West

25 IDEAS FOR 1 CENT

THEY are yours for a post card—twenty-five ideas in Radiators. Each idea represents a style of its own for a definite purpose, for all folks who use (or want to) Radiators that won't leak, and give quick, positive circulation in a minute after the heat is turned on

Twenty five ideas for a cent—isn't it worth your while to send for them and thus know all about the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag? The originators of the Screw Nipple connection that does away with bolts, rods, packing, and absolutely prevents even a suspicion of a leak.

The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co.
Limited
Toronto, Ont.



THE
**Safford
Radiators**

Summer is delightful when
one is provided with a

Gendron Bicycle

with Buckeye Tires

some of the oldest families in the South, from whom she inherited that sweet and never-failing courtesy of the Southern gentleman that endeared her to all classes of society. In 1886 she married Mr. W. I. Price, who with two children survives her. A perfect wife, a devoted mother, a loving daughter and a loyal friend, she has left behind her a memory of that noblest of all creations, "a womanly woman." The funeral took place from St. George's church on Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 p.m. and was largely attended. The deceased was a sister of Mr. Mortimer A. Atkinson, manager of the Bank of Toronto, Barrie.

On Wednesday afternoon a very pretty wedding took place at 50 Leopold street, Parkdale, when Miss Antoinette Idelle Kennedy, daughter of Mr. W. H. Kennedy, was married to Mr. J. Parnell Morris of Lindsay, Ont., formerly musical instructor of the Institute for the Blind, Brantford. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by Rev. J. A. Rankin, assisted by Rev. G. F. Morris, brother of the groom. The bridesmaids were Miss Lottie Kennedy and Miss Laura Brown. Mr. Frank L. Beecroft acted as groomsmen. The bride was attired in white silk, trimmed with mousseline de soie and chiffon. Miss Kennedy wore pale green

THE FAVORITE
DENTIFRICE
IVORINE
ALL DRUGGISTS
SAMPLE ON APPLICATION
TO IVORINE DENTIFRICE CO.
88 WELLINGTON ST. W. TORONTO, ONT.

gauze over cream, and Miss Brown cream silk. The happy couple left on the evening train for their new home in Lindsay.

Miss Inez Mitchell, who has been on a long visit to Oshawa, has returned home. Mrs. Wallbridge and Miss Janie Wallbridge are at Ellesmere House, Center Island, as are also Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher. Every lady cyclist is enthusiastic over the fine new bicycle path through the Island, and honors are even for Alderman Ned Hanlan, who secured it for the cyclists, and Inspector Stephen, who is regulating the rough element and keeping the track as a safe and delightful ride for the beau monde and rational riders in general. Mr. Munroe Grier sailed on Wednesday for England on legal business.

On Wednesday of last week Miss Jose-



TRADE MARK (Registered)
PURE SPRING WATER
Only is used in the manufacture of

**Ginger Ale
Ginger Beer
Soda Water**

etc.; put up in quarts, pints, half-pints, and siphons. Phone your order to No. 3064.
Office and works, 317-319 Sherbourne Street.

phine Vardon, daughter of ex-Mayor Vardon, M.D., and Mr. George V. Moore were married at the bride's home in Galt, Rev. R. Knowles officiating. The bride's gown was of blue broadcloth, with turquoise trimmings. Miss Margaret Cowan of London and Miss Jean Moore, sister of the groom, were bridesmaids, gowned in

FROM INDIA AND CEYLON...

"TETLEY'S TEAS PLEASE"

For Guests

If you want a really fine, full flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to offer your guests, or for the family circle, get

**Tetley's
TEAS**

Elephant Brand—of course the more expensive grades are best—but all are good pure tea, and whether you get the 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades any of them are

BEST OF TEA VALUES

Sold at above prices by all good grocers, in ½ & 1 lb. air tight lead packets.

Always Pure, Always Fresh.

Preserving Baking Ironing!

Think of all the hot work ahead.
Better buy a Summer Stove.



QUICKMEAL BLUE FLAME OIL or GASOLINE STOVES

OR **OXFORD GAS RANGES**

Will give you the very best economical satisfaction. You'll be money in pocket at the end of the season if you buy one.

Call and see them in operation at 183 Yonge Street, opposite Eaton's. You'll find different sizes and styles and prices to suit your needs and your purse. They're the popular summer stoves of Canada—every one guaranteed.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto

For sale by...
GEORGE HOOPER, 1366 Queen West
A. WELCH, 302 Queen West
HALLAM FURNACE CO., 212 Queen W.
JAMES WESTWOOD, 633 Queen West
JOHN GIBBS, 724 Queen East
F. G. WASHINGTON, 785 Queen East
TORONTO FURNACE CO., 113 Queen E.
WHEELER & BAIN, 179 King East
BARKLEY BROS., 43 Spadina Ave.
C. WATERMAN, 367 Parliament St.
J. H. WARWICK, 238 Wellesley St.

W. H. SPARROW, 87 Yonge Street
GIBSON & THOMPSON, 41 Yonge St.
J. S. HALL, 1097 Yonge Street
GEORGE BOXALL, 2321 Yonge Street
JOHN ADARE, 88 Bathurst Street
E. W. CHARD, 324 College Street
FIDDES & HOGARTH, 50 Jarvis St.
FRED. ARMSTRONG, 277 Queen W.
R. FLETCHER, 142 and 144 Dundas St.
T. E. HOAR, Toronto Junction
J. F. ROSS, 569 Queen West
And leading dealers everywhere.

golden brown and blue respectively. Mr. N. Brock Wilkins was best man. The groom gave the bride a present of a handsome watch and chain, and pearl brooches to the maids. Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Empey were guests from Toronto at the wedding.

A "Skeleton" for Comfort.

One of the most acceptable innovations in correct Summer Suit styles for gentlemen will be the soft roll sack suit. The prevailing materials for its make up is a home-pun coat and trousers and a fancy vesting. The fancy vesting is not compulsory, for those who prefer so may have vest of same material as rest of the suit. The coat is skeleton and half shaped; shoulders moderately wide. The pockets are patched on and closed with a button. The vest is double-breasted. The trousers incline to the peg-top, are moderately full at the hips and narrow at bottom; cord welted side seams. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, keeps this particular style to emphasize the summer suit fact and that gentlemen of good taste and demanding almost as much style in their negligee or outing garments as for more dressy occasions. Mr. T. carries a splendid range of fine imported summer suit materials.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you distressed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It is so to be made. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures whooping cough, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale in all drug stores throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ROBERTS—Rat Portage, June 13, Mr. T. H. R. Roberts—a son.
DAVIDSON—June 12, Mrs. I. Wilson Davidson—a son.
BLAKE—London, Eng., June 1, Mrs. Morgan D. Blake—a son.
AIRD—June 10, Mrs. John Aird—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—June 16, Mrs. H. Williams—a daughter.
HOWITT—June 20, Mrs. F. E. Howitt—a son.
AYRE—June 7, Mrs. J. H. Ayre—a daughter.
FERGUSON—Woodbridge, June 20, Mrs. J. J. Ferguson—a son.
HAMBLEY—June 13, Mrs. F. P. Hambley—a son.

Marriages.

MAGEE—GENTLES—On Thursday, June 16, 1898, at the residence of the bride's father, Maplehurst, by Rev. James Livingstone of Sydney, assisted by Rev. A. Cunningham, J. Egan Magee of the Merchants Bank of Canada, and Mr. John Gentles of Kincardine, Ontario.
HAMILTON—ATKINS—At the residence of the bride's father, on Tuesday, June 21, by Rev. R. F. Bowles, Metropolitan church, Toronto, Annie Ellen, daughter of Mr. John Atkins of Brampton, to Herbert J. Hamilton, M.D. of Toronto.
MALLON—SULLIVAN—June 22, James W. Mallon to Fannie Sullivan.
BROOKS—FLEMING—June 22, John A. Brooks to Mary Fleming.
YOUNG—DUNN—Fort Colborne, June 22, R. Charles Young to Anna Myra Dunn.
THOMAS—STILLING—June 11, Fred A. Thomas to Maggie A. Stirling.
CHADWICK—DICE—Milton, June 22, Frederick A. Chadwick, M.A., to Bertha Louise Dice.
LUCASIN—DOUGLASS—June 22, Harry W. Lucasin to Della A. Douglas.

ADAMS—WOOD—June 22, William Ayres Addams to Amy Louise Wood.
COXALL—PHILP—June 17, William Coxall to Mrs. E. Philp.
CLARIN—HARDIE—June 21, Charles Clarin to Lillian May Hardie.
DOWARD—WEBB—June 20, Norman R. Doward to Mabel Eva Webb.
DAVIS—SHAW—June 15, Albert Gould Davis to Agnes Huggart Shaw.
EWENS—HENRY—June 15, F. Sidney Ewens to Susie Henry.

Deaths.

PRICE—St. Catharines, June 19, Susie Craig Price, aged 30.
WILSON—Cobourg, June 18, Prof. John Wilson, LL.D., aged 81.
ROOTH—St. Catharines, June 18, Jennie Rooth, LEASE—North Bay, June 21, Jane Ogilvie LEASE.
ATKINSON—June 22, Sarah Atkinson, aged 79.
WILLIAMS—Cobourg, June 22, M.W. Williams, aged 49.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

DOMINION DAY

Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all stations in Canada, Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor, Ont., and East and TO but NOT FROM Detroit, Mich., Fort Huron, Buffalo, N.Y., Niagara Falls, N.Y. and Suspension Bridge, N.Y., at

Single First-Class Fare

Tickets good returning until July 2

Single Fare and One-Third

Tickets good returning until July 4. All tickets good going June 30 and July 1.

For tickets apply to any Canadian Pacific Agent, or to C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. General Passenger Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

DOMINION DAY

JULY 1st, 1898

WILL ISSUE RETURN TICKETS
Between all stations in Canada and from all stations in Canada to Detroit, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y., at

Single First-Class Fare

Going June 30th, and July 1st, returning July 2nd, 1898, and at

Single First-Class Fare and One Third

Going June 30th and July 1st, returning July 4th, 1898.

Full particulars from all agents G.T.R. System
M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.